MASMID

1946

YESHIVA
UNIVERSITY

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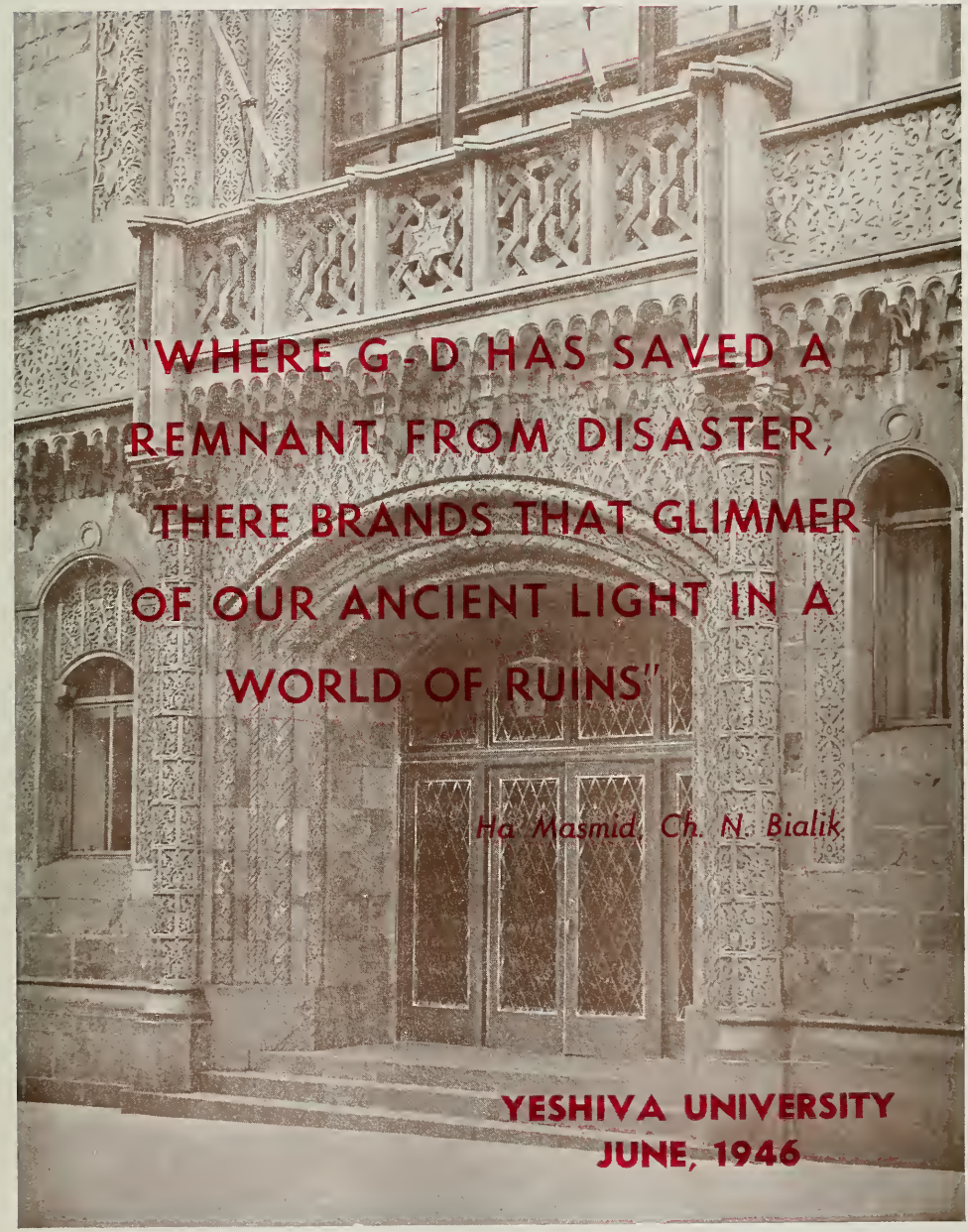
MASMID



"WHERE G-D HAS SAVED A REMNANT FROM DISASTER, THERE BRANDS THAT GLIMMER OF OUR ANCIENT LIGHT IN A WORLD OF RUINS"

Ha Masmid, Ch. N. Bialik

YESHIVA UNIVERSITY
JUNE, 1946

DEDICATION

THE dream is resolved into action . . . The long years of planning materialize . . . and Yeshiva University is finally born . . . The product of the work, the foresight, and the cooperation of the celebrants above who are principally responsible for the realization of this pipe dream of American Jewry . . . for the transferrance of the ideal of a Yeshiva University from the realm of idea to the blueprint of existence . . . Another bastion has been added to the citadel of American Jewry . . .

OURS is a century of great events, of mighty political upheavals, of catastrophic global wars. Revolutions, which formerly took many decades to crystallize, now rise, flourish, and perish within a few years. Our age has witnessed the zenith of scientific progress — and the nadir of human misery. We, the Jewish people, have been the greatest sufferers, but our faith is grounded in a hope that is deeper and more lasting than all suffering. Our burden of misfortune has spurred us to vigorous action, and in the physical sphere at least, we have partly countered the terrible consequences of Nazism by rebuilding Eretz Yisroel.

Our eyes have seen momentous changes not only in the realm of politics, but also quite as significant revolutions in the scientific and intellectual worlds. Every way of life that hopes to remain essentially pure and unweakened in the presence of such imposing forces must forge its weapons to attack the intellectual problems of our age. Yeshiva University is our answer to the spiritual challenge of this generation.

A new mantle of glory has fallen upon the Yeshiva. Mighty indeed are the tasks which face Yeshiva University, but they are being met with courage and vision. Already a graduate school for studies in Jewish philosophy, history, and sociology is being formed. There is envisioned the inclusion of a medical school and a law school in our University. Truly a glorious future lies ahead.

To you, Yeshiva University, the champion of the sacred and the eternal in a clanging world of brutal bigotry and spurious ideals, we dedicate this Masmid.

YESHIVA U

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NIVERSITY

and Subsidiaries

To the Graduating Class of '46:

You, the Graduating Class of 1946, are fortunate to have spent four years in an ideal society; in an academic world of vigorous thinking and intellectual beauty. Your college days were dedicated to the company of the linguist and philosopher, historian and scientist and above all to the influence of spiritual and moral guides. A university is essentially a community of scholars and having spent the most fruitful years of your young lives in an intellectual environment, you have undoubtedly developed a thirst for knowledge and creative thought, a desire for fresher and sounder information. If your college education developed in you an inner obligation to search after G-d's knowledge, and to seek whatsoever is worthy in all that has been discovered and thought, then you will realize the infinite domain of the the yet uncharted and unknown fields of endeavor. The world of ideals will then have become the greatest source of comfort of your future lives.

You, the graduates of Yeshiva University, should remember that you were educated in the spirit of the divine and immortal traditions of Israel, and that you are privileged to enjoy the benefits of our great American democracy. The basic element of traditional Judaism is its belief that all the ideals of the Torah, of the universalism of G-d, brotherhood of man, and sanctity of our own life can become meaningful only when they are integrated with Torah observances, with a Judaism in accordance with our Shulchan Aruch, in accordance with our divine practices. Judaism teaches us that man in the spiritual and moral master over his ideals and acts, and that man can find his salvation only in his untity with G-d which for us, as Jews, is based upon Torah knowledge and Torah living. True, we cannot furnish you with a formula for material success. We have guided you, however, in the ancient philosophy of Jewish education that the reward of learning is to be found not in the outwardness of one's professional occupation, but in the intangible moral values which give a true sense of worth to our daily acts.

I congratulate all of you, and wish you well being and well doing.

SAMUEL BELKIN, President

SENIORS

ADLER, JACOB — Bronx, N. Y .
BERGER, HERBERT — Bronx, N. Y.
BLOCK, DANIEL — Bronx, N. Y.
BLOOM, SAMUEL — Reading, Penn.
BULMAN, NATHAN — Brooklyn, N. Y.
CHARNY, CARMI — Brooklyn, N. Y.
CHOMSKY, AARON — New York, N. Y
COHEN, MITCHELL — Bronx, N. Y.

CLASS HISTORY

The artist uses many colors and blends thereof. The artist is requested to transfer the beauty which is inherent, apparential, obvious, lurking, or even imagined in natural objects to the canvas. All that is asked of him is that he transmit the subject as faithfully as he possibly can. Artists have found beauty in ugly, shrivelled hags. They have found art in horribly distorted rock formations. They have felt strongly the urge to portray in oils the tragic beauty of rotting driftwood, but never has an artist felt so strongly the joy of creation as the artist experiences in painting the class of '46. For all other paintings are merely a transferring of the objects inherent beauty onto canvas — but now the artist must create from his own imagination some semblance of beauty which might conform with the object he is asked to paint.

In sketching the class of '46, the artist (for truly I have been called one on many occasions) discovers much to his surprise that only four colors are necessary to capture adequately the varying moods of the class. We hope that when this work is completed these few colors shall not have run together, although there is a grave danger that one color shall be seen to predominate, shall in short, be the last word (or the last color) on the subject.

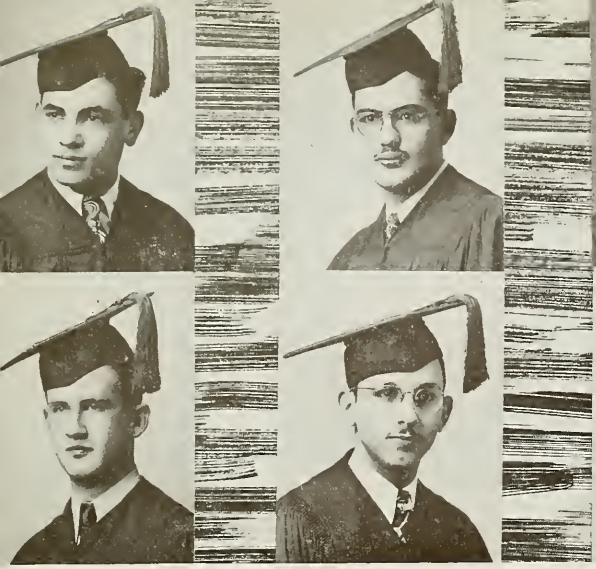
Permit me to squeeze my shoulders into the softly rounded curves of a Yeshiva suit (bundle for Britain returned) so that I too may feel the weight of 4,000 years of history, 2,000 years of Talmud and 4 years of yearning.

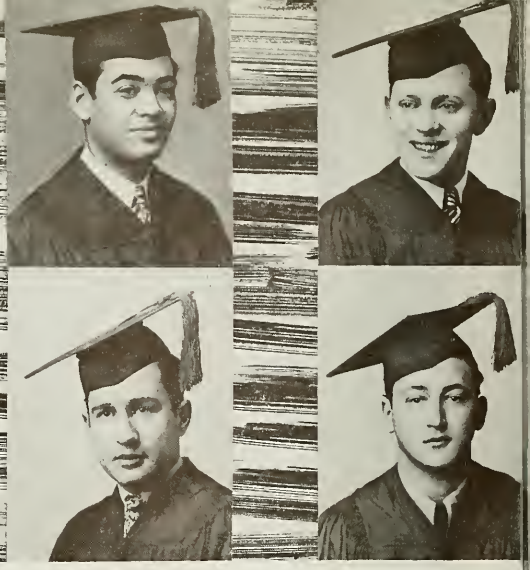
CANVAS

What a magnificent building! Such perfectly chiselled stone, such cleverly grafted pillars. Rising from a blasted hole in the ground it towers above the surrounding buildings by 4 minarets and a gold dome, from which the gold was removed to satisfy the stipendous appetites of the suffering Yeshiva men (zol'n zei Brennerin). Housing five institutions, one president, 4 deans: Dean of Men, Dean of T. I., Dean of Y. C., and Dean Torah, 3 registrars (two fellas and one Phyllis), and one over-bearing dorm-master, this expansive edifice stretches all the way from 186th to 187th Street. It is 3861 cubits and 1 span long (or 38 Palestinian Tsitsis laid fringe to fringe), 1758 spics and 2 spans wide (or five times as far as Bulman can see without his glasses) and 2247 cubits and 2 spans high (or as high as Sy K. on his wedding night).

The polished doors invited me to enter which, ah me, I did. Marble floors and quaintly peeling walls passed in review as I walked through the hall toward I knew not what. I opened a door and timidly stepped in. A real Beth-Medrash in a college building — the sweetness of this anachronism started the tears rolling down my cheek (good idea I thought, if I can keep them rolling I may get a bigger scholarship). Not finding the directory, I asked the nearest masmid where the office of registration was. The masmid unwillingly tore himself from his tome and engaged me in a conversation. After being certain that I wished to attend the Yeshiva department rather than become a teacher in Israel, he consented to tell me.

I found the office of registration in a corner of the fourth floor. It was only 6:13 A.M., so I was first in line. At 6:14 I went for a drink of water. I returned at 6:15 just as the office opened, only to find 80 freshmen and 2 mice standing in a straight line two abreast with numbers in their hands, smiles on their faces and tephilin stripes on their bare left arms. In this early hour an air of efficiency pervaded the entire proceedings, foretelling great things to come.





COMET, THEODORE — Cleveland, Ohio
COOPERSMITH, STANLEY — Bronx, N. Y.
GARFIEL, MORTON — Cedarhurst, Long Island
GELLER, MICHELL — Houston, Texas
GOLDBERG, MORRIS — Toronto, Canada
GOODMAN, MORRIS — Brooklyn, N. Y.
KAHN, ARTHUR — Lowell, Mass.
KAHN, MYRON — Brooklyn, N. Y.

GREEN FRESHMEN

Everything turned Green in my artist's eye. It was the green of young grass and tender leaves feeling for the first time the warmth of the sun. It was the green of growing saplings and slender shoots. For we too felt for the first time the glowing warmth of learning and the uplifting power of knowledge. We too felt the exhiliration of youth and days without cares. I dipped my brush into the bright green oil and carefully painted—

The administration gladly accepted the green we offered them, our teachers made us feel how green we were, after our first meal at Brenners we all turned green, and after the first day of confinement in college, the happy grass by the Harlem seemed so green and soft . . . what gay blades.

In Yeshiva College at last. How different from high school; how different from college. Where else could you find classrooms with such perfect lighting — just light enough to keep the professor awake, but dark enough for the students to slumber. Where else could we have such ventilation — in the summer five students hang from the rafters and blow on the class. In the winter for hot air the professors volunteer their services. Where else can mice attend classes without paying tuition? In fact, one litter has been here so long it has produced three rabbis and two teachers. Where else do the bells ring late, so that the professor exhausts his knowledge in his lecture and has to talk another 30 minutes. This way the periods are sometimes stretched to 45 minutes.

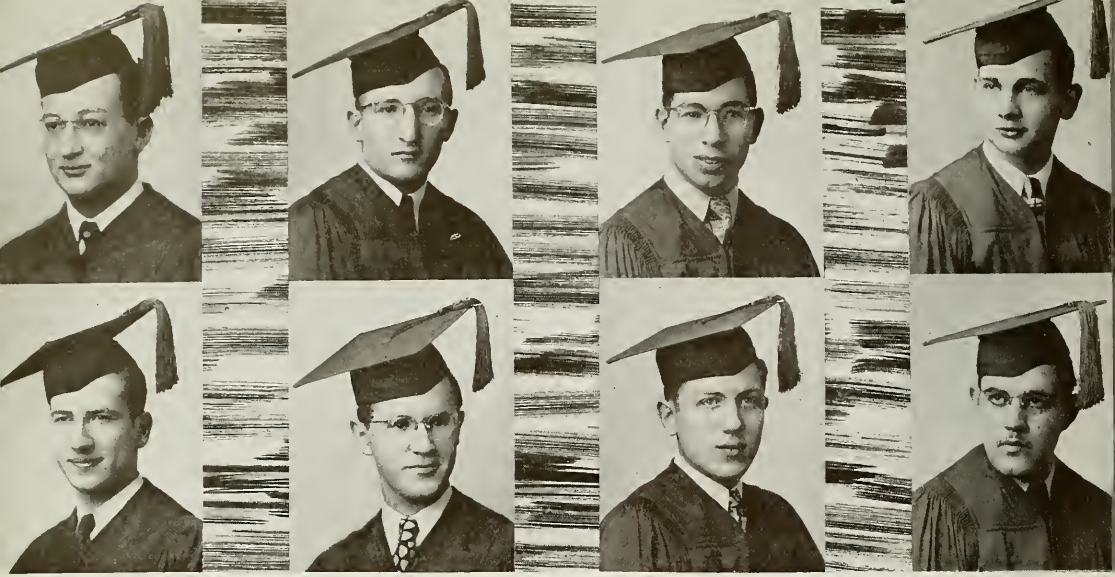
Elections were held in the beginning of the year and since no one knew anything else, Comet was elected president and Carmi worked as vice-president. In Mishle class we romped thru the proverbs with childish glee. "Mar" Sar translated the words and Singer gave us the meaning. We were all

so young and happy — even Sar laughed with the class. He couldn't be stern and commanding before such a group of youths who in the magic of green rebirth conquered every problem with a smile. But Sholem soon began to translate the words too, and Sar began to lose his hair. The dean of men became so upset he was advised to take a leave of absence and he finally sailed for France.

At our senior-frosh smoker cigarettes were still available, so the seniors bought enough to give each freshman a puff. While waiting nervously for the cigarette to reach my end of the table, I whiled away the time by imbibing in an overdose of the common man's language — this is real English! (Anglo-Saxon) said the seniors. The smoker was the only successful attempt yet made at synthesis in our institution . . . Such jokes . . . and in Yiddish.

Half of us learned English comp. with the grand old man of Y. C., Prof. Klein. He was frightened by Myron Kahn's grand eloquence at the very beginning of the year and has retained a healthy respect for him until this very day. Myron wrote a doctor's thesis in one class period. Not bad. Carmi Charney was once expelled from class but he met Balaban and borrowed his great coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, entered the class and sat down in the back. Klein was told that the stranger plumped on the chair looking for all the world like Atlas when he was a student, was a learned visitor, whereupon Balaban's coat received more attention from the good Dr. Klein than the rest of the class combined . . . which, of course, Balaban's coat deserved since it was more attentive. It took us little time to learn that if we wrote poorly enough we would have to read our compositions and in so doing we could read quickly skipping commas, etc. and if we moved the prof. strongly enough by our acting we received A's. Oh, tomatoes?

In Jewish History we found out with Dr. Hoenig's assistance that the secret of Jewish survival during periods of stress like examinations — is cooperation. And, tho none of us had yet taken Philo I or II, we instinctively went to the source rather than rely on our memories.



KUTNER, SEYMOUR — Brooklyn, N. Y.
LEVY, RAPHAEL — Perth Amboy, N. J.
LIFSHITZ, DAVID — Bronx, N. Y.
MARGOLIES, IRVING — Brooklyn, N. Y.
PEARLSTEIN, MOSHEH — Brooklyn, N. Y.
PERLOW, IRVING — New York, N. Y.
POMERANTZ, HYMAN — New York, N. Y.
PRESSMAN, DAVID — Far Rockaway, New York

We used more Braun and brains in French 1 and 2 than Monsier S. B. on his Ph.d.

In chem class we used a big text-book, and a little professor used us. Berger got 100's and Reichel argued for an 80. Mike Senders first started wearing out the seat of his pants.

Prof., ha ha, you flunk, asked the class what marks they expected. Rosen asked between A and A+ and got a ha ha D. To look at him you'd never guess that Pressman was a dynamic speaker.

Professor Matz introduced us to foncshuns and the meaning of von overr hex tams von overr vie in life. Even then Asher, Alex and Yagod knew their math better than Cohen and Rubenstein. Yukie showed the boys that hesber didn't belong only to the Rebbis.

Our English prof's "Linnen" yarmelke and his manner of addressing the class, "mice and men" — became proverbial. In our hygiene class we were Fried from worries about don dere. In Doc Hurwitz's gym we learned how to walk, run, jump off the ground with both feet, and once we even saw a basketball displayed on Doc's desk.

In Hebrew we learned how to write Hebrew correctly, i.e. from right to left. We also brushed up on the rules of grammar as . . . after the hei hayedeeaw comes a . . . uh . . . a noun.

It sure felt good to enter the coop-store and find one of our own boys, Terry, behind the counter.

The grass green tinge petered out to a sickly yellow for the dramatic production, Yellow Jack, in which a few upperclassmen supported Geller, Reichel, Comet and Rosen in the four most important of the unimportant roles.

The class early took an interest in Commy.Weisberg dictated, Tennenbaum typed, Carmi reported, Levy tried out, and Geller started work on a freshy and watched the green ink slowly turn into . . .

SOPHOMORES: PURPLE WITH SAGE

. . . a Royal Purple. For we were now sophomores — rulers of the world and the robes well-fitted our sophomoric forms. We turned purple with rage when mistaken for freshman. We were now men of experience, the world held nothing new for us. For hadn't we completed one fool year of college!

On the basis of our grammar we now took a course offered only to sophomores, French 3 & 4, which was based on a 15th century manuscript purported to have been found by le doctor professor Brun while he was in France trying to pick up (dans une facon generale) material on courtezans. "But, of course, you know what that is Monsieur Cohen." "No, what's a courtezan?" "street walker", said Raphael in indignation and fewer worlds. Please Mr. Levy, remember you're in a classroom.

History as it should be taught i.ie. as a course in Logic; examinations as they should be given i.e. in the form of a maze through which only your own mistakes might lead (so why copy — isn't that so) was presented to our regal selves by Dick Tracy-Jawed Brody of the soft shoes, soft collars, soft ties, and soft pedal.

Genius David arose every crack of dawn to prepare lectures fitting for a group of young princes who looked down from their high-chair of knowledge, smiled in kingly fashion at the poor freshmen, and philosopher-king-like, ruled the world with a mixture of supercilious condescension and understanding generosity. We were taught all about knights, cavaliers, lovers swooning at women's frailty, and how to live frugally. Myron kept pulling a 96 — but Asher beat him.

Election time found Comet again president and Werner vice-president. Rabinowitz joined Reichel in the co-op — a huge room (4x4) just chock-full . . . of students waiting for Commy.

This year our class brightened up the Commy with the help of Charny, Geller, Weisberg and Tennenbaum whose purple togas showed them to be scribes of notes.

RABINOWITZ, JACOB — New York, N. Y.
REICHEL, SOLOMON — Brooklyn, N. Y.
ROSEN, MORTON — Camden, N. J.
RUBENSTEIN, BERNARD — Brooklyn, N. Y.
SAFERN, WILLIAM — Bronx, N. Y.
SCHWARTZ, GEORGE — Newark, N. J.
SENDERS, MYER — Cleveland, Ohio
SHAPIRO, ALEX — Cleveland, Ohio

In Speech 3, parliamentary procedure, the boys were Thonsen like mad when Rosen, the chairman for the day came in in full formal attire and a top-hat. Here's one for Darwin — Rosen sat down on his tails which even a monkey can't do. In Speech 4 Mike S. delivered the most carefully worked out Speeches I've ever heard in class, with the possible exception of the philo lectures. His talk on Advertisements was terrif but his talk on gum was so realistic we were glued to our seats.

In Mirsky's exam for Bible 103 and 104 we couldn't get away with filling the paper with Tehillim cause that was the book we studied so we memorized Jeremiah. Dr. Churgin gave us an inspiring course in Medieval Jewish Literature, which we all enjoyed — the text book cost only 85¢.

Many fellows relinquished their purple for khaki. Some just left us. Herbie Cohen, Vic Geller, Stan Kessler, Mal Schraeder, and Lennie Klapholtz volunteered for the army. Schraeder was wounded. We were all saddened when we received the news that Klapholtz had lost his life on the battlefield.

Katzin, Hershberg, Ehrenfield, Fischer, and Meir, just packed up and left. Our ranks were swelled by Brichto and Spivak, the boys from Philadelphia who took their room in the dorm for one purpose, so that they might have some place to eat at 4 o'clock in the morning.

This year as sophs we felt more sure of ourselves on the stage, so we fouled up the Varsity show in a glorious burst of purple stage light. Charny sold Reichel Pepsi-Cola hair shampoo and Rosen "slipped" around the stage as usual. In time to come we'll look back on Y.C.'s last production in which as usual M. R. acted and T. R. tore down the sets.

The lights dimmed for the last time. Winnigradof smiled, the audience applauded and the idle purple robes of the idle monarchs were discarded for . . .

RED-BLOODED JUNIORS

. . . the Red of the executives. We are now men of action; knowledge is only the door leading to accomplishment. The warrior wears red, the modern progressive's outlook is tinged with red and we, now concentrating on our individual majors and nearing our goal, already feel the magic of creation and the world is a fiery red sunrise burst on our horizon.

To further impress us with the importance of action, a blue tie holding together a threadbare blue suit which almost held together 128 pounds of Alexander Litman explained to us that our future life depended on the quality of the existence led here, and that, Bulman, tho the Lord can cause the disintegrated body to retake its original form, we Jews believe that the future world is a world of souls, not bodies, you renegade.

The exhilirating feeling of strength slowly gathering within us, the powerful feeling of conquerable might swelling our chests to normal size, the sweeping arc of blinding scarlet which we felt was us, grew in intensity as floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire sprang forth from Milton, and Paradise Lost consumed our hearts, leaving us in adamantine chains slaves to the awful might of words.

We felt big and young and unafraid, and in keeping with the general brilliance, to set off the glaring red we elected two "pinkies", Werner as president and Weller as vice-president.

Garfiel grew his mustache to keep warm in the Y.C. reading room which he took care of for a year. Reiss took over the Yeshiva library and Zion presided over the chess club. Sohn, a quiet boy, had an explosive personality in chem lab.

On Commentator, Weisberg became sports editor (and learned for the first time that there was such a game called basketball), Lloyd and Carmi were co-news editors, but Carmi relinquished his position to become editor of Niv. Levy took up his pen again and joined th staff. Werner started writing and Geller's ink kept on flowing.

Success beckoned early to Asher who received the award for the best junior and the math award. Alex interrupted his discourse with Pressman and Pressman's lieutenant, the Arch-Angel Gabriel, to mount the steps of the stage to receive his prize for excellence in mussar.

SINGER, SHOLOM — Brooklyn, N .Y.
SNOW, EDWARD — Bridgeport, Conn.
SOHN, DAVID — Brooklyn, N. Y.
SUSSMAN, GABRIEL — Bronx, N. Y.
TENENBAUM, LLOYD — Rochester, N. Y.
VINIK, JULIUS — Brooklyn, N. Y.
VOGEL, HAROLD — Bronx, N. Y.
WEISBERG, BERNARD — Mattapan, Mass.

Then in a final burst of strength we elected Reichel (spelled Rabinowitz) as president and re-elected Weller as vice.

In Levin's class we had to go fishing for information about psychology. The course was a pipe-dream. Kristeller of Rennaissance fame spoke about Papal Bulls, pronounced with a broad A. Katz's course in Greek and Roman Civilization had the first co-ed in Y.C.'s history — ach, mein Liebe.

Council elections were a hotly detested affair. Werner made no Cometments in his campaign speech, so he was elected president. Rosen rode in on his blood and thunder speech and was more than a Goodman . . . Rabinowitz outswam Fish, to become Secretary-Treasurer of S.C.

We finally entered our senior year and we were forced to decide what we would do with $4,000 worth of knowledge. The daring red fast faded and left only a . . .

BROWN-HEARTED SENIORS

. . . dull brown, the color of — the earth. No longer the lords of creation, we were just bewildered boys who couldn't make the first decision thrust upon us by life. We sought again the soil in which as unreflecting kids we played. Our outlook on everything was changed radically. We became practical. Who are we? Where are we going? Why are we going there? Can we ever reach it? Is all our strife worth it? Gone the green of surprises, gone the purple of scorn, gone the red of revolution. There remained only the brown of the earth of which we are made and to which we're closer than we thought four years ago.

We have all changed involuntarily. Charny looked like an angel and was called the cheerful cherub. He now looks like the devil and is called — into Abram's office. Chomsky started out four years ago as a freshman — and now he's a senior. Cohen, the Mick, began his stay here as a bio major and now (abnormal psych majors please note) he's counting flies. Pearlstein just four years ago was interested in science. Now he feels that Palestine needs him so he's preparing to leave as soon as the shomer kibbutz in Palestine strikes oil.

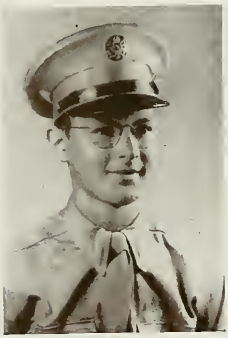
There are still many among us who after four years of Yeshiva still refuse to concede that the senior color is and should be brown. Margolies, for instance, insists that red is the ultimate of the spectrum and he refuses to be disillusioned. Zvi Berger can see only two colors — blue and white. But Zvi isn't the only Shomer of "Dottie". There's Safren, Dave Lifshitz, and Jacob Adler. But these stalwarts are quick enough to see red when "Dottie" is maligned.

But all must admit there's been some changes made. Gabriel was just another student at T.I. Now he is a respected Hebraist, head of the Chug Ivri, and the owner of a black mustache which command's Dr. Brody's respect. In 1942 Geller was just a pip-squeek from Goose Creek. In 1946 he takes singing lessons — he could do voice. He heads the concert bureau with Goody's assistance. Pomerantz, who made a name for himself with his basketballs, was just another basketball player. This year he is still just another basketball player but with the title of captain and athletic manager of the school. Four years ago one would never have thought Kutner (sight) would have been the first one married in our class. Now that he's tasted of marriage he is no longer interested in social life — it's social work or nothing. Zion entered Y.C. with a simple yearning for Palestine. Now he's a magician, hypnotist, m.cee, bartender, and a Kierkegardianlitmaniac.

When Lifshitz first entered college his only ambition was to learn science. Now that he's graduating his only ambition is still to learn science. Phyvil Reiss took a course in Popular problems given by Mr. Goldberg and Sholom Singer. Nu Adler, meg men? But Morris Goldberg had the best idea. He didn't join us till his junior year. Danny Block had the worst idea — he started the first term in T.A.

Some of us got active. G. Schwartz became president of the Classical Society. Comet directed the evening gym activities. Mickey took over intra-murals and he's working now on the schedule. Rosen singlehandedly took over debating and went down fighting.

WELLER, SEYMOUR — Newark, N. J.
WERNER, ABRAHAM — Providence, Rhode Island
YAGOD, LEON — Montreal, Canada
ZION, LEONARD — Reading, Penn.



In Memorium

Leonard Klapholtz

Killed in Action August, 1944

Notice to all seniors: In order to get your key, you've got to see Mickey.

Some of us got really active on Commentator — Weisberg became editor-in-chief; Werner bought a new pencil and Geller became a four-year man; Comet featured a few articles and because he ghost wrote the Meet the Seniors he is the only one graduating without a friend; and the seniors appointed Vogel to read the paper.

Safern went to Cleveland to organize and lead a Shomer Hadati group; Perlow was too lazy so he led a group in Washington Heights. M. Goldberg took over the Chanukah Chagigah.

Miscellaneous items . . .

ENGAGEMENTS — Rubenstein, Weisberg, Berger.

MARRIAGES — Kutner.

Bloom, Coopersmith, and Kutner couldn't wait, so the dean permitted them to graduate in January.

The few kindred spirits who found their way to the Latin and Greek classes proved that birds of a feather Floch together. Bloom and Weller took Latin and Schwartz took French, which gave George 9 credits in Language a term.

Prof. Lowan, who produced the atomic bomb almost single-handedly, made a mistake. He taught the government research workers elementary physics and instructed his Physics 1 and 2 classes in atomic research.

By the time we reached Junior Bible we could read Hebrew fluently . . . with nekudoth, so Doctor Klotz was forced to admit to us that the poor Hebrew in Daniel was really Aramaic.

In spite of Dr. Rosenberg's germanis for giving exams, Prof. Braun was forced to serve wine at the meetings of the French club to attract students who might otherwise take German only because the beer served at the German beer-feasts was 100 proof . . . that German is superior to French.

The claim has been made that Rosen grew his beard so that he could kiss the Agudah girls. He denies it strongly and feels quite hurt that a three month's growth should cause such a rumpus. After All, Gabby Sussman wore a moustache when we were all still Charny-cheeked, and he kept it for three years during which time he didn't incur Riess' wrath, nor, (since he was a T.I. boys till this year) did his Rebbi get jealous. George Schwartz, the Newark Talmudist, who speaks French with a Greco-Latin accent, enjoys Fleisher's courses . . . they are about the only opportunity he has to hear Snow and Weisberg harmonize.

After four years of stagnation, progress has at last been shown — Dr. Litman, in philo class, without administrative compulsion has exchanged his hat for a yarmelke. Now the halo can be clearly seen. And with this symbolical progressive act, the final term reached its conclusion.

Pressman closed his philo book for the last time and couldn't conceive that this was his last philosophy lecture. Goodman shut his psych book and took quite a while to realize that this was the end. Lifshitz turned off the bunsen burner for the last time and Danny Block erased his last math problem from the board. Snow conjugated his first and last Greek verb and Weisberg corrected his last Commie proof at Englewood. Geller blotted his last drop of green ink and Garfiel got his last ad for Masmid. Weller got his last suit from his uncle and Senders patched the seat of his last pair of pants. Tennenbaum smoked his last Herbert Tareyton and Pomerantz mooched his last cigarette. Levy contradicted Prof. Klein (as Shakespeare turned over for the last time) and the Latin class handed in Schwartz's answers for the last time. Zion cut his last class and Singer exercised his fore-arm for the last time. Comet turned off the lights in the gym for the last time, and Perlow started his last . . . oh, oh, I'm down to my last drop of paint. Werner issued his last presidential statement while Rosen nodded his last assent and Rabinowitz took his last notes. And . . . ulp . . . Reichel . . . ulp . . . ate up the last piece of candy in the co-op store.

It's all over-with now. The job's done. Finished! The paint's dry. The colors are symbolistic, the figures realistic, and some of the heads are cubistic (blocked in with pencil). Only one color is prime — the rest are complimentary. I hope this painting suits your palette as it did mine.

This painting is being purchased for the class by a special fund being amassed by Weller (the fellow whose uncle keeps him well dressed) and Morton "Masmid" Garfiel.

Well, now we've completed four years of time. Each of us is now the counterpart of the proverbial gentleman and scholar. We've spent four of the best years of our life at Y.C. Tell me fellows, can you C.Y.?

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President of Yeshiva University

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Secretaries

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DR. LITMAN
DR. JEKUTHIEL GINSBURG
Professor in Mathematics

DR. JACOB L. HARTSTEIN
Director of Bernard Revel Graduate School

DR. GINSBURG showing off his class.

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MENACHEM RIBALOW
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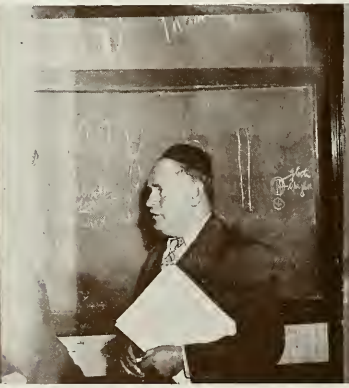
BENJAMIN WELBER, *Assistant in Physics*
DR. M. ATLAS, *Instructor in Biology*



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ON LEAVE

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DR. ABRAHAM LUCHINS, *Assistant Professor in Psychology*
DR. J. NOBLE, *Instructor in Hebrew*
DR. NATHAN SAVITSKY, *Instructor in Psychology*

SOCIETIES
STUDENT COUNCIL
Classes
CLUBS
INTRAMURALS
CO-OP
BASKETBALL
The Commentator
LIBRARY
MASMID

TIES

1946

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

Although Yeshiva College was elevated to the rank of a University, student activities of the past year were devoid of enthusiasm and school spirit. Despite the promising start made, club activity sank to its lowest ebb in years. Most of the clubs held less than four meetings and quite a few clubs were active in only one of the semesters. Among the most active were the French, Eranos and Hobby clubs.

The French Club was fortunate to present Prof. W. Leslow of Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes, Captain Robert Gamzon, the Jewish Maquis leader in his only personal appearance in New York City, and the noted poet Andre Spiré, each of whom attracted sizable audiences to their lectures. The club's publication, Le Flambeau, was lauded by eminent professors of Colleges throughout the nation and was praised in the Anglo-Jewish press. The issue contained an article by Captain Gamzon, several plays and a critical article on Voltaire.

The Chess Club participated in the Daniel Levine Memorial Intercollegiate chess tournament, and through its president Harry Yanofsky '48, was able to secure for Yeshiva University a first place tie in this tournament. The Chess Club also sponsored lectures and exhibitions, and its experts freely imparted advice to Yeshiva students on how to improve their chess playing.

The Chemistry Club heard two lectures on the atom bomb and atom splitting delivered by Dr. Arnold Lowan and Dr. Jacob Goldman, a YC alumnus, respectively. Dr. Solomon Josephs also lectured before the club.

The Debating Society participated in four debates; the two of which with N. Y. U. were aired over WNYC. The third was held at Brooklyn College and the last, with C. C. N. Y. was part of a Y. M. C. A. forum. Among the topics discussed were the Harvard Educational Plan and an Anglo-American Treaty.

The Concert Bureau, besides continuing its policy of supplying the students with cut-rate tickets for plays and show, obtained for the first time special rates for tickets to the March of Drama, a series of classical plays put on by the New School. It was also a banner season for the Co-op, which finished the year with a $165.00 profit.

Under the stimulation of the Eranos Society, Latin and Greek again came to life. Dr. Irving Linn and Dr. Louis Sas lectured respectively on the relationship of Latin to English and the other romance languages. Lectures by students of the classical languages were also quite numerous this year.

The Hobby Club continued its policy of presenting seasoned performers to entertain at Yeshiva. The Chug Ivri heard Dr. Jekuthiel Ginsburg tell of his famous brother, Simon Ginsburg, his life and poems.

For my part, I have experienced an extremely pleasant and rich year, despite a strong sense of frustration at my inability to arouse a dispirited, uninterested, phlegmatic facsimile of a student body.

ABRAHAM WERNER

STUDENT COUNCIL MEMBERS

MORTON ROSEN
Vice-President

ABRAHAM WERNER
President

JACK RABINOWITZ
Secretary-Treasurer

CLASSES

FRESHMAN CLASS

Except for the weighty distinction of being the first post-war class at Yeshiva College and the delightful distinction of being ennobled by Universtatus, the class of '49 has thus far been disgustingly average. But to satisfy the voraciousness of publicity hounds some tidbits of local color have been herein dug up.

For the puerile minds of statisticians it can be said that the freshman class consisted of fifty students coming from eleven states and four provinces of Canada. For the petty politicians let this be noted, the class presidency went to Bostonian Charles Bahn; the vice-presidency to Brooklynite Joseph Yoshor. The only political action was the negation of the resolution to get class hats. For the social-minded there was a frosh-senior smoker. For the sports-minded the freshman basketball team was gloriously defeated in intra-mural play. For the mature-minded ingenuous freshmen could easily escape the sweet breath of levity by opening the demure, blue-covered Yeshiva College Catalogue. From there they learned the importance of attendance at every class session, good academic standing, and seriousness of purpose and high-mindedness. These words now haunt — and indict.

Next year the sublime sophomores, the fervent forty-niners, the urbane university students, aim to consistently conduct themselves strictly according to catalogue — which is a Sears goal.

LOWER SOPHOMORE CLASS

As this article is written, a dire fate looms ahead of the students of the lower sophomore class which holds the distinction of being the only class fooled into Yeshiva College in the middle of a school year. By decree of the Student Council, we are to be assimilated into the ranks of the upper soph class at the end of this semester. Council is probably doing this to help the upper sophs who are in need of rejuvenation.

Before our youthful souls are swept away by the hosts of Beelzebub, the accomplishments of the class should be given lasting fame. In Council, the class representatives opposed the return of dramatics to Yeshiva College . . . Schoner's marks in English Literature raised the standard of the class 30 per cent . . . Wexler watched patiently as the dean planted "Mellins" in the fertile fields of Yeshiva . . . Schrier's passion for J. B.'s Torah is bordering on Avodah Zorah . . . Henry thinks he became a Chochom after taking a sighchology course . . . Sidney Gordon has become disillusioned by the fems at Dov Revel . . . Heller has come to the conclusion that photography is more Revealing than Chemistry . . . Friedberg is still doing his own homework although he's been in the college a full year and a half.

With the dissolution of our class, the last vestiges of true liberalism will disappear from the school. But with unbroken spirit, the class of Jan. '49 now takes the opportunity to bid the university and its student body . . . Farewell.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

After having spent a full year at Yeshiva College and after having had a long summer vacation to recover from the effects, the class of '48, now august Sophomores, returned to the hallowed classrooms of Yeshiva College which as a whole were quite nice but as classrooms were not so hot. The Sophs, having been the largest entering class in the history of Yeshiva College, proved themselves to excel qualitatively also and members of the class could be found in just about every activity in the school. The class of '48 because of its size was already accustomed even in its Freshman year to being divided: but the Sophomore year brought further subdivisions. Some, fascinated by the alluring charms of the test tube spent long hours in the Chem lab seeking to find a solution to their problems. Others, engaged in the process of solving the world's problems, spent many an evening poring over long treatises on the social sciences. Many a student broke out in a cold sweat while attending sessions of the French Literature course. The majority of the class did find a common bond however, in the English Literature course under Dr. Fleisher, where the scope of their education was considerably broadened.

The Sophomore class elected Charles Siegel of Lancaster, Penna., as class president and Louis Applebaum from Brooklyn, as vice-president. Class meetings were held regularly and though the year saw relative quiet on the student council front, when there was action the Soph representatives could be found on hand. With the Senior-Frosh smoker of the previous year still stimulating their cumulative Yetzer Hara, the class of '48 held another such notorious affair. It is of course, needless to say that the activities of the evening were only of the highest order.

In all seriousness, however, the conglomeration of characters and personalities known as the Sophomore class made up a sincere group which had set its mark in life and intended to work hard to achieve its goal. The class of '48 shows promise of being one of the outstanding classes in Yeshiva's history.

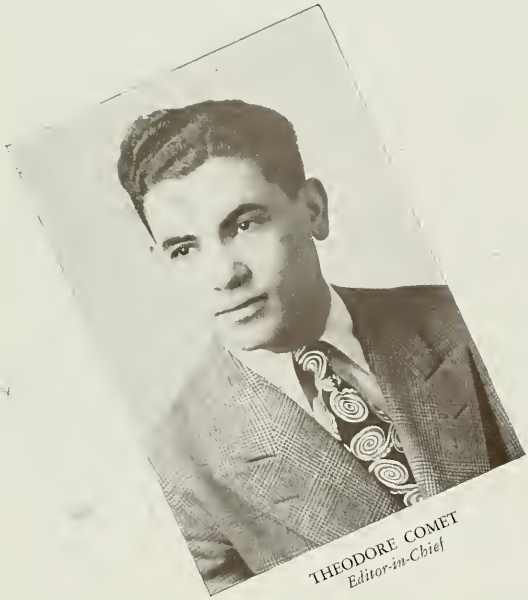
JUNIOR CLASS

The "illustrious" class of 1947 returned from its rejuvenating summer haunting grounds less ill and with more luster. This class, which had almost unanimously met in Dr. Fleischer's English Lit. class the year before, now came to the parting of ways. Divided into small groups, some took the philosophic road to Plato's "World of Ideas", others angled after fancy figures and still others drowned their junior year in the lake of chemicals on the road to the heaven of "testtubial divinity."

To lead them to the one world where all their separate roads converged, the juniors (disregarding the blind leading the blind) chose Joshua Epstein, a Yankee from Haverhill, Mass. Brookline, Mass. contributed its most promising citizen, Aaron Feuerstein, to the vice-presidency of the Yeshiva juniors.

The year started with a bang. Ralph "Bang" Berkowitz was appointed chairman of the junior smoker where the drinks were soft, the sandwiches hard, and the entertainment still harder—on the ears. Shaky from the after-effects, the "Rolling Romeos" of '47 became still shakier on their feet at the rollerskating party at "Sad Blades", known as "Gay Blades" to sailors, but strictly misnomered for veterans of the Rabba VeAbbaye battle. The junior basketeers gained fame but no fortune under the guiding darkness of Bedo Scharfstein.

At the end of the year, the junior class was sporting its premature senior hats of blue and white, with the anxious hope that this symbol of seniority would shorten the last and longest year of college interference to education.



THEODORE COMET
Editor-in-Chief

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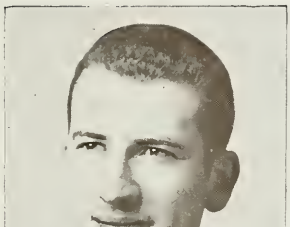

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Managing Editor

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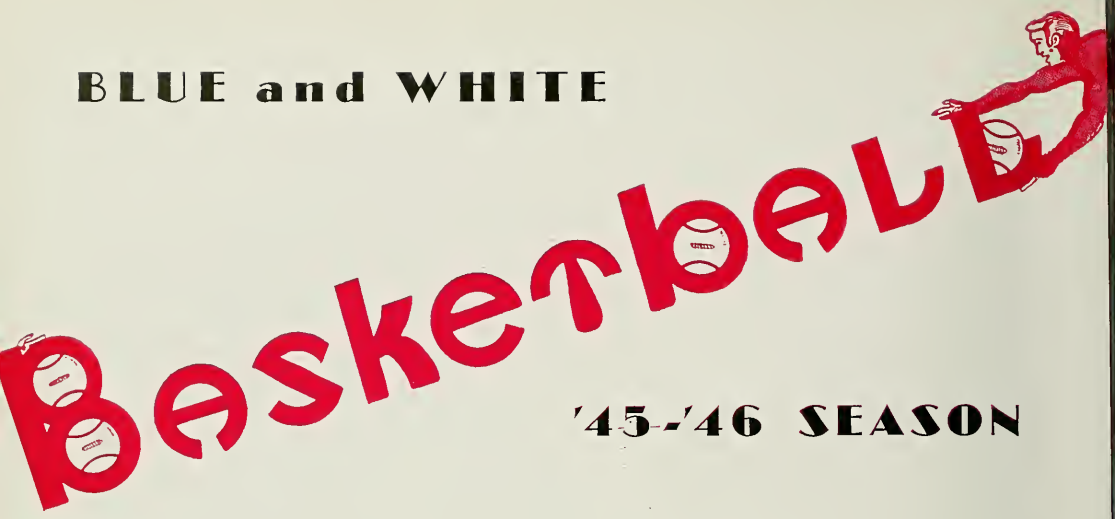
BLUE and WHITE



'45-'46 SEASON

Possessed of a season's mark (5-14) that was as dismal and dark in hue as the ebony covers of the record book in which it was contained, the 1945-'46 version of the Mites bore the ignominious stigma of a season-long fiasco. Consigned to a lofty niche by pre-campaign "on paper" reckoning, the Quints lent additional verity to the aptly-wrought apothegm, "Dame Fortune is a cockeyed wench that looks not where she aims."

The Fates seemed to be smiling on the Yeshiva quintet as it rounded into shape for the season's inaugural. Bernie "Red" Sarachek had returned to handle the coaching reins, a contingent of seasoned campaigners was on hand, and a host of newcomers bedecked in promise pushed the veterans. One detail, however, could not be whipped into harmonious accord — the proclivity a basketball has "to bounce funny".

The Sarachekers resorted to a "figure 8 weave" coupled with a fast break on offensive sorties, and interchanged a man-to-man alignment with variations on the zone, defensively. In effect, the Mites surface maneuvers were inept and lack-lustre, backgrounded by a spiritless soporific brand of play.

The sole bright spot on the season's ill-starred campaign charts was the play of Marv Fredman, the attenuated pivot man, who was top drawer on offense and only slightly less in shackling the oppositions' big guns. Marv finished fourth among the city's scorers with 244 tallies and cracked three Yeshiva scoring marks.

If nothing else, we can always join the Dodger chorus, "Wait 'till next year!"

BERNARD "Red" SARACHECK
Coach

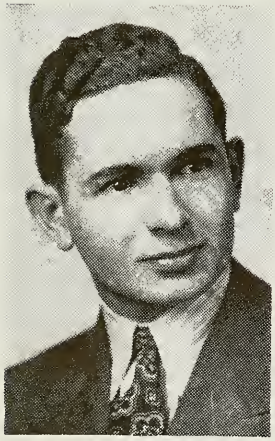
HY POMERANTZ
Captain, Athletic Manager

YESHIVA UNIVERSITY

47—N. Y. U. Dentistry		38
42—Panzer		61
40—Queens		38
45—N. Y. Cathedral		57
40—Virginia Union		46
37—Morgan State		52
43—Alumni		38
45—Bergen		50
52—Iona		60
57—Brooklyn Army Base		62
49—Queens		39
54—N. Y. Cathedral		60
51—Fordham		54
37—Brooklyn		44
28—Hofstra		60
37—Iona		45
49—Hofstra		63
42—Concordia		58
53—Bergen		31
848	Totals	956

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	G.	F.G.	F.	Pts.
Fredman	18	96	52	244
Doppelt	14	58	26	142
Scharf	10	54	15	123
Wiesel	19	27	5	59
Pomerantz	18	22	10	54
Friedman	6	25	1	51
Abrams	14	19	10	48
Gewirtz	10	13	10	36
Geller	18	9	10	28
Beinhorn	9	11	3	25
Kalb	5	5	7	17
Adler	4	3	3	9
Rubin	9	4	0	8
Harary	7	1	2	4
Haitowitz	3	0	0	0
Totals	20	347	154	848



S. ZEIDES
Graduate Librarian

LIBRARY STAFF

From its humble beginnings in 1933, Yeshiva College Library, originally housed in a small windowless room on the fourth floor, has progressed to its present sumptuous housing on the college concourse. The original number of volumes, approximately one hundred, has been increased to some twenty-two thousand, not including several thousand pamphlets and periodicals.

During the past year the accent has been on the expansion of library space and the improvement of the physical aspect and facilities. The library has been entirely rebuilt and new lighting, furnishings, and shelving have been installed. Also, the former medical offices have been converted into library offices and preparation departments. We are also happy to relate that the library catalog has been brought up to date and is now, therefore, complete. Special efforts have been made to organize our vast pamphlet collection, particularly in those fields which have been suggested by the student body. Special collections are being made in the vocations, education facilities, community and social work, World War II, and peace plans.

Due to the great and growing interest of a large portion of the student body in the physical sciences, a good deal of library budget is being expended in the purchase of books in biology, chemistry and physics.

The growth of the library imposes upon the student body and the administration the added responsibility of furnishing a larger staff and an increased financial allotment.

CO-OP

With rotund Terry Reichel '46 at the helm and his lieutenant Jake Rabinowitz '46 along for the joy ride, the good ship Co-Op sailed merrily on its way laden with goods for Yeshiva men. Doling out the merchandise to the long queues of smoke hungry and sweets-seeking Y.C.'ers were crew members Wally Spielman '47, Irving Wiesel '47 and Stan Rudolph '48. Over the counter sales included the standbys with "The Commentator" retaining its spot as the best seller. Under the counter sales included gum and the better known brands of candy.

CONCERT BUREAU

The Concert Bureau this year had reduction tickets for the students of Yeshiva University to one of the outstanding series of plays in New York City, the Dramatic Workshop Plays under the direction of Edwin Piscator. Tickets were also available for "Polonaise", "Dr. Herzl", and "Three Gifts" as well as the NBC Symphony and countless tickets to radio broadcasts and recitals at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall.

Michell Geller '46, Sam Bloom '46, Morris Goodman '46, Seymour Weller '46, Seymour Fenichel '46, Arnold Singerman '47, and Monty Fishman '48 are the students responsible for making this year's Concert Bureau one of the best in the history of Yeshiva University.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

(FRENCH CLUB)

The Cercle Francais this year inaugurated a series of lectures which were given by outstanding guest speakers. Prof. W. Leslau of the Ecole libre des Hautes Etudes opened the lecture season with a discussion of the life and background of the Falasha Jews of Ethiopia. Captain Robert Gamzon, head of the Jewish Maquis in France delivered a lecture on the heroic life of the Jewish youth under the German occupation. Captain Gamzon toured the United States on behalf of the United Jewish Appeal and delivered his sole lecture in New York at Yeshiva University. The third lecturer in the series was the noted French poet, Andre Spire, who spoke on the Jewish Renaissance literature in the French language. These meetings were attended by large audiences of students and friends of Yeshiva University who participated in the post-lecture discussion periods.

Another achievement of the academic year was the publication of the Flambeau of '45 under the editorship of Charles Spirn. The issue dealt with a large variety of subjects, ranging from a consideration of French Kabbalists to a one act satirical play featuring Pascal, Valery, and Rabelais as characters. Of particular interest was a moving article by Captain Gamzon describing French-Jewish life during the occupation. Among the other articles were: a visit to Prof. Henri Gregoire, president of the Ecole libre; "Les Juives", a biblical tragedy of Robert Garnier; "Ezechiel l' apres Voltaire"; articles on Michelet, Anatole France, and a study of the anthropological theory of Levy-Bruhl.

The issue was landed highly by prominent French professors and the Anglo-Jewish press. A message from Prof. C. Olinger of New York University stated: "I am very happy to send you my heartiest congratulations and I assure you that this university publication is truly French and equal to the best academic publications of our university world.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

(GERMAN CLUB)

A new system was adopted by the Deutscher Verein this year to enlarge its cultural activities. Instead of holding meetings late at night when only resident students could attend, Dr. Ralph Rosenberg, assistant professor of German at Yeshiva College and director of the society, allotted time during class periods for guest lecturers and reviews of current events.

The first guest speaker, Captain Herman Tannenbaum of the Medical Corps, told of conditions in beaten Germany. Tannenbaum, who was in Europe from D-Day until December 1945, related his experiences in a country whose transportation, communication, and power and supply systems were totally disrupted.

Two weeks later, Dr. Nathan Susskind, German professor at City College, lectured on the origin of Yiddish. This lecture was of particular value and interest to the average Yeshiva student, and was attended by many students who did not belong to the society.

The term closed with a social event. A very successful beer fest with soda, pretzels, and ice cream was held at this party, games were played, songs were sung and speeches were made by senior students and by some refugee boys who had jut come from Europe.

Throughout the term, the Deutscher Verein kept a bulletin board filled with articles and clippings dealing mainly with German music and the progress of the denazification of occupied Germany.

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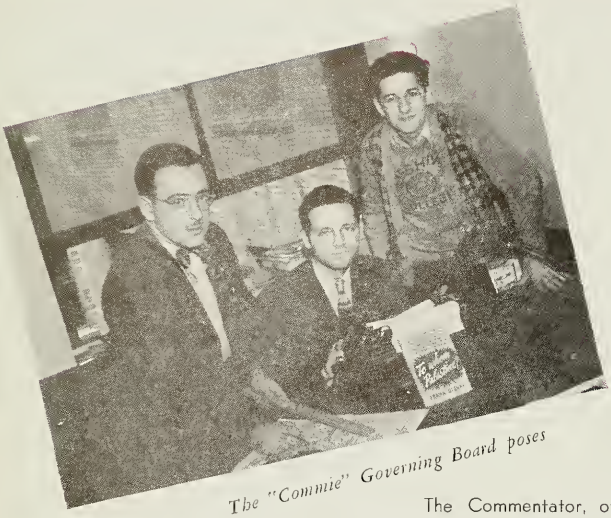

The "Commie" Governing Board poses

BERNARD WEISBERG
Editor-in-Chief

The Commentator, official undergraduate newspaper of Yeshiva College, maintained its traditionally high standard of journalistic excellence this year despite the handicap of a four-man Governing Board. For the first time in its history "Commie" went without the services of a Sports Editor, sports being placed under the hegemony of the News Editor.

LEWIS GINSBERG
News Editor

Under the capable editorship of Bernard Weisberg '46, student activities and opinion were faithfully recorded, and an alert editorial policy was formulated. The Commentator again displayed its journalistic superiority by receiving a First Class Honor Rating from the Associated Collegiate Press.

"Commie's" editorial policy displayed its awareness of Jewish problems by taking an aggressive pro-Zionist stand time and again. In the first semester the British Labour Party was attacked for its betrayal of the Jewish people, and the overwhelming turnout of Yeshiva students at the Zionist protest rally in Madison Square Garden was acclaimed. In the second semester a call was issued for a more effective Zionist "realpolitik" and the report of the Joint Palestine Committee was evaluated. The S. O. Y. Overseas Campaign for the relief of the D. P.'s in Europe was given effective publicity and was also the subject of editorial comment.

Hitting closer to home, "Commie" again, as in past years, effectively fought for the betterment of conditions at Yeshiva. The Loan Fund, the poor lighting system, the inadequacy of the Library were all criticized. As a result, the system of obtaining

mentator

wspaper Of Yeshiva College

LOUIS BERNSTEIN
Managing Editor

The "Commie" Staff

loans was simplified, the installation of a new lighting system is underway, and our beautifully renovated College Library was made a fact.

Most important was the campaign waged for the much-discussed and long-needed Faculty Advisor system. Student Council President Werner, in a report to the students published in the Commentator, outlined the proposed plan for the students and explained the need for such an advisory system.

In the feature department, the publication introduced the humorous "Klowning With Klein" series, penned by Earl Klein '47. News Editor Lewis Ginsberg commented "On The Sidelines", and "Meet The Seniors" again delighted the students during the second semester. "Meet The Faculty", a review of the Harvard Plan by Dr. Alexander Brody, an occasional "Maybe I'm Wrong" and other feature articles were also included.

High point of the year was the University Issue of "Commie" that heralded the elevation, by the State Board of Regents, of Yeshiva and Yeshiva College to the rank of a University, the first to be established in the history of the Jewish people outside of Palestine. A history of the school, a message from Governor Dewey, and a description of the expansion plans were featured in this issue. The issue's editorial called for the future establishment of medical and law schools as part of the University, to enable Jewish students to study for the professions of their choice without discrimination.

JOSEPH APPLEMAN
Business Manager

CHUG IVRI

This year the Chug Ivri widened the scope of its activities. Its main goal was to include among its ranks all those interested and willing to learn to speak the Hebrew language. Special help was volunteered by the older members to all those desirous of furthering their Hebrew knowledge. To spread the use of Hebrew, one activity was to increase the circulation of the Hodaor and the Niv. Professor Jekuthiel Ginsburg was guest speaker at an open meeting.

החוג העברי השנה התרחב הרבה בפעולותיו על השנים הקודמות. את רוב זמנו ואספותיו הקדיש להפצת העברית בתור שפה חיה. הגדלנו את הפצת ה„גיב" ו„הדאר" בתוך חוגי הישיבה, והגשנו עזרה לאלו שעדין לא היתה השפה שגורה בפיהם. עבודתנו מחוץ לכתלי הישיבה גם כן התרחב. לקחנו חלק פעיל ויוצר בהגדלת כוחות „הנוער העברי" בניו־יורק ובערי השדה.

היינו מאושרים לשמוע נאום מענין ממורנו היקר פרופיסור יקותיאל גינזבורג, שנתן לנו סקירה בולטת ומקיפה על חיי אחיו המנוח המשורר שמעון גינזבורג ז"ל. הוא הביא לפנינו תאור חיי צעיר יהודי באירופה, הקשיים והסבל שעוברים על ראשו עד שהוא מגיע למטרת חייו, והראה איך הסביבה השפיעה על נושאי המשורר וצורתו.

בראש החוג עמדו:

מרדכי גרפיל, נשיא; רפאל לוי, סגן־נשיא; אברהם שיק, מזכיר

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

With the expansion of the Classical Department of Yeshiva University, the Eranos Classical Society has assumed added importance in the institution. The humanistic trend as reflected in an organization such as the Eranos shows that the Yeshiva student is not unappreciative of the stores of classic thought and culture. The Eranos thus emphasized the significance of the classics outside the classroom by putting the ideas and thoughts of the classroom into action.

Most extra-curricular activities at Yeshiva function primarily on the basis of speakers and outside lectures. The Eranos has always maintained, however, that contributions from within the organization itself are of equal importance as visiting lecturers. Therefore about half of the Society's meetings have been devoted to such presentations on the part of the students. Such diverse copies as "Love and Marriage in Roman Times", "The Classics as Pictured on Stamps", and "The Coming of the Peace — a comparison between the Augustan pax Romana and our times" were interestingly discussed and commented upon.

Some of the lecturing highlights of the past year were these talks given by Dr. Sas and Dr. Linn, both members of the University faculty. Dr. Sas choosing as his topic "Latin — Ancient Mother of Modern Daughters" presented an overall survey of the development and interrelation of Romance Languages. "Latin and English: — A Study in Relationship" was the subject of Dr. Linn's address. At this meeting some very enlightening facts concerning the influence of Latin on early English literature were pointed out to the Society members.

No report concerning the Eranos Society would be complete without mentioning the name of its faculty advisor, Dr. Bernhard Floch. The untiring and unstinting efforts of Dr. Floch have aided enormously in making the Eranos Classical Society of Yeshiva University a vital factor in the dissemination of humanistic culture.

LITERARY

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Ninety Percent

by
Osher Kahn

An ordinary night, an ordinary subway, ordinary people. I had barely seated myself when the train began its mad race toward its next stop. Since I was a little fatigued, I reclined in my seat, stretched my legs as far as I could, and wearily closed my eyes. I knew that there was a long ride ahead of me, and I was determined not to waste it completely. I was going to relax, perhaps even catch up on some long needed sleep.

But as I was in the process of making myself comfortable, I felt something crumpled behind me on the seat. My hand quickly reached for it, intent upon removing even this minor cause of disturbance. While bringing the "crumpled something" forward, I glanced at it nonchalantly with my eyes already half closed but immediately the blood rushed to my face and I nearly jumped from my seat. The word "Jew" in bold white letters on a black background was staring me straight in the face. Inwardly I thought that this must be just another one of those rabble-rousing, antisemitic pamphlets planted by young hoodlums on subways and in other public places. I nevertheless swiftly smoothened the crumpled paper and to my surprise found it to be something entirely different from what I had expected. In reality it was a small booklet entitled "Jewish Affairs." On the cover was a picture that made me shudder: A coffin with a **mogen-dovid** on it, sunken into a gaping, black grave which in turn was superimposed upon a map of Central Europe. Printed below were the words "Balance Sheet of Extermination." It was not a pretty picture!

My mind was now devoid of everything but this grim picture that my eyes were looking at. Slowly I began to turn one page after another. The tale of grief and horror began to unfold.

Jews of Europe
1939 — 9½ million
dead — 6 million
remaining — 3½ million

That was all! That was the "balance sheet of extermination". 72% of Europe's Jews annihilated. My eyes ran down a list of percentages of Jews lost in Nazi-occupied countries. Poland 85%, Germany 81%, Yugoslovia 73%, Lithuania, 90%. I stopped at this figure. Lithuania 90%! G-d in heaven! So that's why my family had not heard from even one of its many relatives who had been living in Lithuania. 90% of the country's Jews had been driven to death, death by the sword, hunger, and fire. I had known previously that the country of my birth and early childhood had suffered heavily, but never did I imagine that the extermination had been so brutally thorough. I could read no further. I placed the pamphlet in my pocket, again leaned back, and closed my eyes. All this had occurred during the interim of two stops. The train was rushing away once more, but now the wheels were screaming in my ears: 90%, 90%, 90% . . .

As if in a dream I began to visualize the little Lithuanian town which I had left as a child eleven years ago. Pictures of "mein schtetalle" Utian, for that was its name, and my own childhood years in it sped with amazing clarity through my mind. In all its simple yet diversified colors this little town, most of whose population consisted of about 8,000 Jews—began to unfold itself.

I saw its outskirts: the single asphalt highway, part of which was still in a stage of construction when I left for America; the several roads of lesser grandeur, leading into the town, dusty in the summer, muddy in the winter; the almost miniature railroad station with its rotting water tower; the old flour mill around which men with powdery white faces went about their business; the newly-built prison with the foreboding wall which surrounded it on all sides; the silent World War I military cemetery with its gray moss-covered monuments; the Russian Orthodox Church which stood high upon a hill. There were the familiar sights which greeted the traveller entering the town from any direction.

As one penetrated it further, there appeared the main street with its cobbled stones in the center and its cement sidewalks on both sides. This street was mainly lined with single story wooden houses, although occasionally a brick building of two

or even three stories proudly reared itself. These were the town's skyscrapers and were not too common indeed. This "King's Highway" led one to the center of the town, a rather large square in whose immediate vicinity many shops and stores of all description were located. On Thursdays, known as "market day", this square was almost entirely covered with booths and wagons which displayed the multitude of wares brought to the town by the inhabitants of the surrounding countryside. Once a year it also served as the pitching ground for the circus when that merry cavalcade came to town.

There were perhaps about a dozen other good streets in the town, lined with sturdy houses, and small shops; but the rest were mostly hard, dirt roads or even less dignified narrow-alleys which had wooden sidewalks or no sidewalks at all. The town's traffic was predominantly horse and wagon, with an occasional auto or bus racing through. Private cars were, of course, unheard of. In general, self-propelled vehicles were still a rarity.

The religious life and activity of the town stood on firm, solid ground, supreme and almost unchallenged. There were four synagogues, which were always well attended, whether it was during the week-days or on Shabbos. Two **chadorim,** where one studied from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. accommodated most of the town's children acquiring a traditional education. Needless to say, these were in the great majority. A few years after my departure for America, a fairly large Yeshivah was established. Saturday was a day of complete rest and absolute cessation of all week-day activity. Few, if any, dared to break the Sabbath openly. All shops and stores were closed. Traffic was at a stand-still. The atmosphere was filled with calm and restfulness. The Sabbath Queen reigned in all her majesty. About ten o'clock in the morning crowds of people streamed towards their homes from services. All were visibly benign and cheerful, having divorced themselves from every day care. The little children especially were gay and full of holiday spirit. In the afternoon some people visited friends, others rambled through the town's streets talking and joking, while still others attended a lecture or meeting of some sort. Nowhere in the world did anyone observe the Sabbath or celebrate the holidays more joyously or more sincerely than in this small Jewish community, typical of so many others of its kind in Eastern Europe.

The town's cultural and social standard was also remarkably high. There existed a secular, government supported, Jewish public school attended by those boys who did not go to a **cheder,** as well as by girls. In this school, every subject was taught in Hebrew. A similar school existed where Yiddish was the language of instruction. If one wished to continue his secular education there was a Hebrew pro-gymnasium or what in America would be equivalent to a junior high school. The town also possessed a gymnasium on par with our high school plus two years of college, but since this was under Catholic influence and authority it was frequented by a very limited number of Jewish students. It is interesting to note that even public school pupils had to pay for their books and whatever other supplies they needed. This, no doubt, was instrumental in excluding a number of poor children from study. Generally speaking, however, the opportunities and facilities for learning were open for anyone who so desired. Hebrew, Yiddish, Lithuanian, and Russian books were easily accessible through a well stocked library. The newspaper which was read most by Utian's Jewish residents was the "Yiddish Shtime", published in Kaunas. Utian prided itself upon the fact that the editor of this distinguished daily had been born and raised there. A number of people having relatives in the United States, were fortunate enough to be sent the "Jewish American", a magazine which was greatly admired.

The young people of the town, ranging in age from eight to the middle twenties, were, almost without exception, members of some organization or another, most of them with Zionist aspirations. I remember distinctly that the following groups existed: **Chalutz, Mizrachi, Betar,** and **Maccabbee.** There were several others of less importance which I cannot recall by name any longer. All of these, whether small or large in number, were extremely energetic in many fields of activity. Meetings, always well attended, were held regularly, usually on Friday or Saturday nights. Lecturers from larger cities were often invited to speak on problems of vital importance either to Jewry in particular or the world in general. Plays, usually on Jewish themes, were staged several times during the year. During the spring and summer months soccer games were played almost weekly by the local Maccabbee team versus one of the out-of-town teams. Few of the town's younger generation failed to

miss these games. Great excitement was especially aroused when the Maccabbee team would pit its strength against a non-Jewish soccer team. During this season of the year, too, each organization arranged a hike to some lake or forest of the nearby countryside. All groups placed no small emphasis upon scouting activities, often incorporating them as a vital part of their program.

Although Lithuania, at this time, was comparatively free of the virus of anti-semitism, few were the Jews who were so blind as not to see the symptoms of this disease. Here and there Jews were being excluded from various industries. Upon several occasions anti-Jewish riots by Lithuanian students were reported in the Yiddish press. A number of super-national, fascist minded groups began the familiar chorus of "Boycott the Jews." The signs were unmistakable. The antisemitic plague was brewing and about to break in all its fury. All of Lithuania's 150,000 Jews, the youth perhaps more than all others, were aware of the impending storm.

This, without doubt, was no small factor in the explanation of Zionist influence upon Lithuanian Jewry. Already for thousands there existed but one ambition, one aspiration. That was to go to Palestine. Some were fortunate enough to have their dreams realized before the Nazi onslaught wrote a finish to the glorious period of Lithuanian Jewish history. But, unfortunately, compared with the number who perished, few indeed were these happy ones.

Sitting in the subway train, all these thoughts went racing through my mind. One scene after another, beginning with those of earliest childhood, flashed on and off, almost miraculously vivid and life-like. I saw my aged grandfather bringing me to cheder for the first time, that wonderful old cheder whose simple virtues, many of our modern Hebrew and Yiddish authors have so gloriously described. I saw its bare walls, the long wooden table with the little children seated about it, the Rebbe with the flowing white beard and the sparkle in his eye. Then there was recess and we played in the sand making miniature tunnels and dams. A few years passed and we were already learning Chumash with Rashi. How grandfather's face would shine when on Shabbos, I showed him how well I knew the Sedrah of the week. Another year or two and our little backs were bent over "Eiloo Mezioth" and "Arbo-oh Avos". We were learning G'moroh! During the winter it was dark when we went home from cheder. How well do I remember the pretty little paper lanterns we made, each one of us claiming the greater craftsmanship. Then same the joy and glory of the first Siyum. I was only nine then but nobody could have felt bigger or better. We had finished one complete **Perek** in "Bovoh Kamoh", the ninth, I believe. What excitement when each of us contributed his fifty cents toward the covering of expenses for the little party we were going to make in the cheder. How proud every single one of us was!

Then the scenes changed and I remembered those long, cold Friday nights when I would leave the house immediately after the Sabboth meal and make my way through the dark streets toward the house where the **Betar** group, of which I was a member, met regularly. Clearly, I saw the giant blue Menorah painted on a white wall, the picture of that famous one armed hero Joseph Trumpeldor, the blue and white flag looking down upon the militant little group of youngsters in their brown uniforms.

Finally, there came to me the last days in Utian: bidding a sad farewell to all my friends, the last day in **cheder,** the eyes filled with tears, the early morning dew, the old bus that took me from Utian to Kaunar, Lithuania's capital. In quick succession there flew by the picture of Berlin, Paris, Cherbourg, America.

Now it was eleven years later, and I was sitting half-slouched in a seat of a subway train that was speeding from one station to another. And what was back there, back in little Utian, back in all those towns and cities of Lithuania where but a few years ago Jewish life and culture had flourished to such a high degree? No more! Finished! 90% of the Jewish population exterminated. Gone are the **Shuls** and **Botei Midrashim,** gone are the **Yeshivos** and **Talmud Torahs,** gone are the schools where secular culture was provided for thousands. Gone are all those bright happy children, all those good pious Jews. A terrible fire had come and all in its way was consumed. 90%! G-d in heaven! How? Why? Again the train wheels began to scream that song of death in my ears: 90% 90% 90% . . .

Only Bondage in Exile

by
Louis Bernstein

A grey-haired little man with sky-blue eyes entered the King David Hotel and walked up to the clerk's desk. "Any mail for Mr. Ben of Nathania?" he asked. No one in the lobby would have guessed that the old man who had so spryly walked past them in the lobby was crowding the eighties. His skin, browned by the sun of the Sharon, his steel-grey hair, and blue eyes made him appear twenty years younger.

The clerk handed him three letters, all with foreign stamps. The old man was visibly moved as he hurried into a corner to re-read the return addresses. For a moment a nostalgic air seemed to envelope him as within the compressed space of a few moments, memories of his youth, more than fifty years ago, passed before his eyes.

After a few moments he tore open the first letter marked Vienna, Austria.

I

February 24, 1946

My dear Cousin,

Finally, after ten years of imprisonment, torture and hell, I am able to contact you again. They are ten years, but they seem like fifty. It seems almost a century that I and your brother left our little town to make our fortunes in Vienna, while you went to Palestine.

How we laughed at you then! You were going to the land of malaria and old men weeping their last days away before "The Wailing Wall". If only we had gone with you. It was just recently that a commission arrived here and asked us questions. We told them that we must go to Palestine. We threatened suicide as the alternative. Who would have dreamed twenty-five or even twelve years ago that I would want to go to Palestine?

It is very difficult writing this letter to you. Your nephew, Theodore, is dead—has been dead for eight years now. Of course, we in Vienna were never good Jews, but it still hurt us to see him turn Catholic. It was during the 1938 pogroms, when even those that had turned Christian were no longer immune. Theodore's articles in the foreign press made him a logical prey for the Nazis. Twice he tried to reach Paris, but was stopped at the border. I could never understand why the Nazis had spared him. His valet told me the story.

One day, he was seated at his window when he saw three storm troopers enter his building. His heart must have stopped beating in fear as he heard them tramp up the stairs. Then he heard a knock on the door. "Open up", they roared.

"They're coming for me, they're coming for me", he screamed. Half mad and screaming with fear, he ran to the open window and hurled himself to the pavement, five stories below. His valet told me that they had knocked on his door by mistake. They had come to see a young actress who lived on the floor above.

I have no writing paper left, so I must close. I hope to leave for Palestine next month.

Your cousin,

Samuel

The old man was sobbing as he opened the next letter, postmarked Moiseville, Argentina.

II

February 1, 1946

Dear father,

Things are going as well as can be expected here. The excitement during the past few weeks has run very high. It seems to us that Peron will win in the coming elections. We still hope that Tamborini will win, but the fascists are doing their work quietly and efficiently.

We in Moiseville have as yet experienced no violence. We are all Jewish here and the youth are prepared to fight back. But our brethren in Buenos Aires, Rosario, and Seville have felt the hand of the Peronistas.

Do you recall that I wrote you about one of my neighbor's sons who is a doctor? He was the young man who insisted on being an interne in the General Hospital after the ban on Jews. Some of the gangster-doctors bound him and turned the X-ray machine on him.

The situation has deteriorated since then. But even though they arrested a boy for shooting into a mob that was attacking his father's store, there has been a general feeling of unity. In spite of the present adversity we have opened a Yeshiva in Buenos Aires and people who never associated themselves with us are becoming active in communal work.

Perhaps after elections the situation will improve and we will be able to visit you.

Your daughter,

Miriam

Sighing mildly, he opened the third letter, marked New York City.

III

Dear Uncle,

We were of course very glad to receive your last letter. Since we last wrote you, we have moved to a new home in Queens Village. It's a lot different from Flatbush. Some of the finest people live here, and even though I'm sure you won't like this, even the Jews here aren't snobs.

You'll be pleased to hear that I contributed one thousand dollars to the United Jewish Appeal. I also donated ten thousand dollars to the Hebrew Union College. That's something like the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, except that only rabbis are graduated from there. My rabbi who comes from there says that Palestine is a good place for the Jews of Europe to go to.

At times I wish that all Jewish refugees had gone to Palestine. All they do is stir up trouble. This used to be a quiet neighborhood until a few weeks ago, when a family of them moved down the block and put out a doctor's shingle. The police captain told us that the Irish kids wanted to see if he could take a joke, so they tore down his shingle. The second time they did it, he called the police. To really get his goat then, they broke his window. Boy, did he get sore. It's about time he learned to take a joke.

Because he's so "kikey", he's caused a lot of trouble. The kids send Janey threatening notes in school and tear her stockings. The local Chamber of Commerce and my Odd Fellow lodge are tackling the problem, and they're trying to get them to move. But I've always wanted Janey to go to a private school, so next term she's going to a boarding school out of town. It's non-sectarian, but they do have Jewish services on Sunday.

I visited father in the old age home about six weeks ago. He's getting better now and wants to go to Palestine. Do you think you can find room for him?

Your nephew,

James

The old man rose and walked out into the street. He stopped for a minute to hear a group of young Hagana men sing in Hebrew "How good and pleasant is the life of brothers living together."

Love: A Philosophical Concept

by
Nathan Bulman

Even a slight consideration of the extent to which the theme love has been cultivated in the philosophy, literature and art of all nations and of all times would be sufficient to reveal what fascination this one theme has held for the minds of men since time immemorial.

That this should be the case is readily understood. For no other phenomenon is, at one and the same time, as widely known to men, and as much a mystery to them. And there is not a subject upon which men have more divergent views. For to some men love is the greatest of realities, and to others it is the greatest of delusions.

But whether it be a reality or a delusion, there is no greater realm than that over which this one emotion has sway, the mightiest of monarchs being no less its subject than the lowliest peasant. It reigns supreme even in that realm which no conqueror has ever been able to vanquish and rule—the soul of man. For in love there is entwined every emotion save its most bitter enemy—hate. And even hate has been compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of love, love being dearer to men than hate.

Like all monarchs it bestows upon some of its subjects favor and praise, and upon others it heaps disfavor and obloquy, filling some men with boundless joy and plunging others into fathomless despair. But it is not arbitrary in the exercise of its sovereignity—for it gives to each man that which he is most desirous of possessing. To those men who seek wisdom it gives wisdom, and those who seek folly it gives folly. To the noblest of men love yields a vision of the sublime and an opportunity to cleave unto their Maker. To the worst it yields a view into the gloomy abyss of evil and a desire to oppose their wills to the will of their Maker.

And since its ways, like those of all sovereigns, are unknown, men have never tired of endeavoring to peer behind the curtain of mystery and charm, by which it is concealed from sight. They hoped to be guided in their quest by the light of the two inner eyes, with which they had been endowed by their Maker, reason and emotion. Their subsequent desire to transmit to each other and to posterity the results of this search led them to produce a vast literature depicting their experiences. And to the extent to which men are alike and dissimilar in the nature of the love within them, they have concurred and disagreed in their insight into its nature. In addition, as a result of the shaping influence of environment upon the thoughts of all men, these individual views have largely reflected the common outlook of the religious or national collectivity to which those who possessed them belonged. It might be of interest, therefore, to contrast the different sentiments on the subject that have found expression in the literature of the various nations. Lest, however, we come to the realization, that our ambitions were greater than our abilities, let us confine ourselves to a comparison of the sentiments on love, which find expression in several illustrative works of Greek and Jewish creation, namely the "Symposium" of Plato, or more particularly, the oration of Socrates in the Symposium, and the Jewish prayers אהבת עולם, יריד נפש, and קריאת שמע.

The oration delivered by Socrates in the "Symposium" commences with a description of the nature of love. Love, says Socrates, is the desire for the possession of the beautiful. And since there is beauty in the good, love is also definable as the desire for the possession of the good. The reason for this desire is that the good makes men happy. But this happiness men desire never to lose. Consequently, their desire for the everlasting possession of the good or the beautiful becomes the desire for immortality.

To secure immortality, men wish, through communion with beauty, to beget offspring. And in their desire for procreation, they feel the same agony which all animals and birds feel "when they take the infection of love." The nature of this offspring will, however, be dependent on the character of the love responsible for its being. So that those men who see beauty only in physical "forms", will marry women and beget children, while those men who perceive that there is greater beauty in the mind than in external "forms", will seek beauty and will conceive "wisdom and virtue."

In the latter part of Socrates' oration there is outlined the procedure best calculated to assure the attainment of the highest conception of love. Under the guidance of a teacher, one should first learn to appreciate the "beauty of forms", i.e. the beauty found in the outward appearance of physical objects. Following this, he will perceive that the beauty of the mind is superior to that of the outward form. in this second stage he will first contemplate the beauty of "fair practices", i.e. the beauty of laws and institutions, and then he will pass on to the perception of the beauty of "fair notions", i.e. the beauty of the sciences. Finally, he will behold a beauty which is "absolute, unchanging, and everlasting", a beauty which is the source of "the ever growing and perishing beauties of all else."

Thus, to recapitulate briefly—first one sees physical beauty, then he perceives the beauty of laws and the sciences, in the order mentioned. And ultimately he arrives at the notion of Absolute Beauty.

This contemplation of Absolute Beauty, Socrates concludes, "is that life above all others which man should live." For through communion with the "true beauty, simple, and divine," he will be enabled to bring forth true wisdom and virtue, thus securing for himself immortality.

Let us turn now to the consideration of אהבת עולם, ידיד נפש, and קריאת שמע, and let us see to what extent the sentiments enunciated in these prayers are in accord with those expressed in the Symposium and to what extent they differ. A reading of the second stanza of ידיד נפש will reveal a striking affinity between the manner in which the Jew conceives of love in its noblest manifestations, and the sentiments voiced by Socrates on the same theme.

In moving manner the author of ידיד נפש sings—

"Exquisitely beautiful is the splendor of the world.
My soul pineth for Thy love." —
and pleads —
"O God, heal it, I pray Thee, by showing unto it the delight of Thy splendor."
and is filled with exultation in the knowledge that —
"Then it will grow strong and be healed, And rejoice everlastingly."

Are not the central aspects of Socrates oration found also in the lines just quoted? We sense the agony of the soul in its desire for love, its yearning to behold the beauty of God, its desire to "rejoice everlastingly" in that contemplation.

On the other hand, a comparison of אהבת עולם and קריאת שמע with the related passages in the Symposium will reveal to us the diffinity between the procedure of the Greek and that of the Jew in aspiring to the highest love and, ultimately, to immortality. Socrates, in delineating the order of succession of the stages one must pass through before arriving at the notion of Absolute Beauty, enjoins first the perception of laws, **i.e.** fair practices, and then the perception of the beauty of the sciences, i.e. fair notions. While the Jew prays in אהבת עולם—"Enlighten our eyes in Thy Torah and cause us to cleave to Thy commandments and unite our hearts to love and revere Thy Name." Or expressed in the language of Socrates, the Jew says—"To arrive at the love of God one must first perceive the beauty of laws (i.e. fair practices) and then he must **live in accordance with these laws.**

Socrates, in enjoining upon men the contemplation of absolute beauty, asks rhetorically, "Would that be an ignoble life?" While the Jew is commanded—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." What to the Greek is a contemplative ideal is to the Jew a categorical imperative.

Having found absolute beauty, and having, through communion with it, conceived "wisdom and virtue", the Greek is convinced that his immortality is assured. The Jew, on the other hand, fears that conceptions of "wisdom and virtue" will not alone be able to assure immortality. For, if those who are responsible for their being should fail to transmit these conceptions to succeeding generations, their desire for immortality will fall short of realization.

And so the Jew includes in his daily prayers the passage in which he is first forewarned of the dire consequences that would ensue should he transgress the laws of the Torah, and then is commanded—"Therefore ye shall place these my words upon your heart and your soul;—And ye shall teach them to your children, talking of them, when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—

This, to the Jew, is the prerequisite for the attainment of immortality.

Or, in the deathless words of the Bible—

"that your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, upon the land which the Lord promised unto your fathers to give them, as the days of the heavens above the earth."

Justinian and the Talmud by George Schwartz

The reign of the Eastern Roman Emperor Justinian, 527-565 C.E., is popularly regarded as a glorious period in world history. One has only to peruse a history of his times in order to gain an idea of the splendor and magnificence of his imperium. In the annals of Jewish history, however, his reign is marked by massacres, persecutions and all sorts of prohibitive measures. The "Just" was not given to justice when he dealt with the Jewish minority under his rule. His relations with the Jews are even incorporated in the famous "Corpus Iuris Civilis" (Body of Civil Law) in the form of restrictive measures (e.g. Ibid I 5, 21 Novella 15). Thus the Corpus Iuris Civilis, on which rests Justinian's claim to historical importance, remains as a written condemnation of him. It is also most ironical that the community of Jews living, fortunately, outside the precincts of his vast empire had completed, about a century before, the Talmud, a work which equaled and in many cases surpassed in human value the Corpus Iuris Civilis..

The "Corpus Iuris as completed in 534 had the following divisions:— 1. **Codex, Constitutionem** — law utterances of the emperor 2. **Digest of Pandects**— summary of sources from previous works with definitions, maxims, illustrations, etc. 3. **Institutiones** — instructions, a textbook of legal principles 4. **Novellae** — later ordinances.

In his "Introduction to Roman Law" Professor Hadley of Yale makes the following sweeping statement concerning the above mentioned Digest. "A digest constructed on this plan was in the highest degree fitted to be a teacher of law to aftertimes; for it shows the spirit of the law, the principles of equity on which it is founded, the reasonings and method by which it is built up as a rational, intelligible orderly system. **No other code** has been so well adapted to stimulate, develop and discipline the juristic sense." The author of the present article is quite sure that in the opinion of Talmud students, under the classification "no other code", the words "besides the Talmud" should be inserted, as the above statement seems to give an excellent resumé of Talmudic law also.

Following these few introductory paragraphs, let us compare some principles selected at random from the "Institutiones" with corresponding ones from the Talmud. It is not our aim to pass judgment on either system but we will attempt to understand some of the implications to be drawn from these comparisons. Of course, before beginning, the reader must always keep in mind the fundamental differences between "Corpus Iuris" and the Talmud. Talmudic jurisprudence is based on tradition and Divine Revelation. Justinian's code recognizes natural, national, and civil law with no divine basis (Lib I Tit. I). The Talmud is not a code of organized law but a record of growth and continual application. The Corpus Iuris, on the other hand, is a completely and orderly systematized code. With these few differences made clear one can proceed to a brief examination of both works.

"Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas suum vis cinque tribuendi" — Justice is the constant and perpetual will to render every man his due" (Lib I, Tit I). This concept of **Justitia** implies a major weakness from the judicial standpoint, namely, the difficulty of discretion on the part of the judge. Rendering every man his due is subject to fluctuation with the passage of time, with the appearance of new conditions and stipulations. Thus, it would be easy to confuse such arbitrary divisions of what is good or evil. The Talmud uses a completely different approach. Operating from the premise that whatever is sanctioned by the Torah is good and that which is not is evil, there is no concept of "jus suum anque tribuendi" but one of דין or **משפט** and **צדק.** The word **משפט** coming from the root **שפט** is related to the word **שבט** = rod. (Mandelkorn's Concordance). Therefore **משפט** applies to the decree of the one wielding the rod, **i.e.** the ruler. **דין** is the Aramic translation having the corresponding meaning. This decree in turn will only be valid if it is applied with **צדק** which itself means "purification" coming from the same root as **זכה** , **to purify,** (Jastrow's **Dictionary,** Mandelkorn's **Concordance).** Thus the scriptural passage **Lev 19,15:** **בצדק תשפט עמיתך** is regarded by the Talmud as meaning something above the ordinary enforcement of a law, i.e. that the **משפט** is not a **משפט** until **צדק** has been applied **(Sanhedrin 32b).** We find this meaning of **צדק** not only in this source but also in other places where **צדק** occurs. **(Baba Bathra 88b, Chulin 134a).**

An interesting parallel between the Talmud and the Institutes is in the dis-

tinction made between custom and law. In the Institutes law is classified as written, custom as the unwritten law. "Sine scripto jus venit, quod usus approbavit, nam dinturni mores, consensu utentium comprobati, legem initautui" — The unwritten law is that which usage has approved; for daily customs, established by the consent of those who use them take on the character of law. In the Talmud a distinction is also made between custom מנהג and the law, the custom under many circumstances overruling the law **(Soferim XIV, 8 Yer Yeb. XII).**

The well-known Roman tradition of absolute parental power still exists in the Institutes and it recognizes that this tradition is peculiar to Roman Law **(Lib. I Tit. X).** Children are regarded as slaves freed only by the death of the parent or by parental emancipation **(Lib I, Tit XII).** Contrasting greatly with this idea of slavery Talmudic law places the child קטן in a completely different category. The קטן is not regarded as subservient but as one possessing a lack of understanding and maturity **(e.g., Gitten 22b).** He always is in a state of freedom, never of slavery. Therefore, when he has reached his majority of thirteen years and a day he becomes a גדול, a full fledged responsible individual (e.g., **Baba Bathra 155 b).** The same is almost true of the קטנה, the young girl before the age of puberty.

According to Justinian a thing is sacred only if it has been properly consecrated by pontiffs. **(Lib II, Tit I).** No man can consecrate a building by his own authority **(Ibid).** So the implication is that all matters pertaining to sanctification are restricted to a particular group. The Talmud recognizes no such restrictions in the creation of הקדש and in fact the method of transfer to הקדש is made even easier. אמירתו לגבוה כמסירתו להדיוט דמי "Dedication to G-d by word of mouth is equal to delivery in profane matters" **(Baba Mezia 6a).**

The question whether property may be transferred by the handing over of the keys is a matter of debate among the Talmudic Commentators, since the text is open to different interpretations. **(Baba Kamma 51B; viz Tosefoth 52a, Baba Bathra Tosefoth 52b).** The "Institutes" very clearly state that property may be transferred by delivering the keys **(Lib II, Tit 1,44).**

The Talmudic principle of חזקה, acquisition through holding the property a certain period of uncontested time varied with the Romans. According to Jewish law חזקה in cases of land takes place after a period of three uncontested years. In cases of מטלטלין, movable goods, acquisition is instantaneous (Inference from **Baba Bathra 45a).** The Institutes provide for a period of three years for things movable, and a minimum of ten years for those immovable **(Lib II, Tit VI).**

The principle of מה שקנה עבד קנה רבו "what the slave acquires belong to his master is exactly the same as the one outlined in the Institutes **(Lib II Tit IX 3).**

A striking parallel in method can be made, if the Talmudic use of an אסמכתא a scriptural support for a law, is compared with the Institutes' use of Homeric quotations for the elucidation of the law of barter **(Lib III, Tit XXIV 2)** and the definition of cattle **(Lib IV Tit III 1).**

The rule that the person committing the theft is solely responsible for the crime, and not the adviser of it is found both in the Talmud **(Baba Mezia 8a)** אין שליח לדבר עבירה and in the Institutes **(Lib IV Tit I).**

A distinction is made in the Institutes between a civil suit for damages mostly pecuniary and a criminal suit filed by a distinguished person in which case the judge may inflict an extraordinary punishment on the offender. **(Lib IV, Tit IV 10).** The Mishnah in **Baba Kamma 83b** makes no such distinction, and the variance of the **monetary penalty** for בשת = shame, is fixed according to the individuals concerned.

Damage done by a dangerous animal near any public place is subject to penalty according to the discretion of the judge. In other cases of injury the fine is double the amount **(Lib IV Tit X).** The Talmud on the other hand, on the basis of scriptural references puts animals under the subdivisions of תם ou מועד and extra penalties are required for dangerous animals no matter in what place they might be **(Mishnah Baba Kamma 15b).**

In the preceding paragraphs comparable laws have been referred to for the reader's interest and appraisal. When judging both systems one should not jump to any rash conclusions but a deeper study than that pursued in this article should be made. In concluding, the writer feels that great profit may be gained in the understanding of differing natural thought patterns, through such comparative studies of Jewish and non-Jewish jurisprudence.

The Shambles of Civilization

by
David Wicentowsky

After the colors of civilized art are brushed away and the true foundations of human civilization are ruthlessly betrayed, man emerges from the mists with his carnificial axe in hand. Behind the stately libraries, the learned universities, the charm of the concert hall, lie the shambles. The comfortable nabob, the wench with surfled cheek, and the reverent ministers of religion all feast with delight on the juicy flesh of the slaughter. In the last analysis, human life depends upon animal life.

It was toward the hunt that man's emotions were tuned in prehistoric times, and it was this consuming passion that exterminated the mammoth, Irish elk, cave bear, wooly rhinocerous, etc., in his long hot struggle for security and mastery[1]. Primitive man was launched from the day of his birth into a fierce hunting expedition which terminated only with his death. He lived on the blood, drank it, feared and revered it. His relentless struggle with the foreign populations of the earth and his dependence upon them for food gave rise to numerous animal cults and totemic beliefs. Early man was not as careless of animal life as we are in the inherited security we live in.

The hunting passion was not, however, merely a stage in the economic development of mankind, but has persisted throughout human history. When the Russians took possession of Siberia they found it so densely populated with deer, antelopes, squirrels and other animals that the very conquest of Siberia was nothing but a hunting expedition which lasted for two hundred years. Indeed, man forms but a minute portion of the earth's population when considering the enormous numbers of animal life. From under every blade of grass the earth spawls forth countless forms of crawling life, barely visible and yet self-centered and asserting their will to live. (Biologically, perhaps, only a "nisus fromativus"). When the early settlers came to America they found it so densely populated with buffaloes that pioneers had to stop their advance when a column of migrating buffaloes crossed the route they followed. The marching column would sometimes last for two or three days. The panorama of animal life is of vast proportions: hostile eyes peer at us from every cranny, slithering forms crave our destruction, and untiring colonies gnaw at our foundations.

Boden in all the implements of war, man continues his interminable hunt for the sinuous populations roaming the earth in menacing numbers. When the roaring artillery of human warfare dies away and the fulgurous heavens are darkened in silence, these earthy marauders continue their deadly work. Microscopic beings, sailing on a sea of dust, attack man in overwhelming strength and subdue his mightiest warriors. He is still labouring feverishly to defend himself before the onslaught of this murderous host. Modern science is conducting a new version of the ancient hunt.

The hunt, however, is not the exclusive monoply of the human race. It is not only man pitted against the beasts, but species against species. "The whole of nature", wrote Dean Inge, "is a conjugation of the verb to eat, in the active and the passive." The instinct of mutual aid may operate within the group but not between groups. True it is that animals frequently come together in numbers for food foraging. Wild monkeys sometimes descend upon farms and orchards in packs of a thousand or more. Wolves and hyenas hunt in packs, and wild dogs may even overpower bears and tigers when in such organized groups. Great solidarity and mutual concern characterize many an animal group but never can it extend outside it. The hunger for food drives the myriad populations of the earth into internecine war and destruction.

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[1] During the past 2,000 years the world has irretrievably lost 106 known forms of mammals. In addition to the mammals already extinct, more than 600 others are regarded as vanishing or at least as threatened forms. (See "Extinct and Vanishing Mammals of the Old World"—by Francis Harper.)

The once deadly hunt, rooted in the blood, has now become more of a sport. It has yielded to the mighty slaughterhouses. The intrepid hunter of yore is replaced by the stolid butcher, the hidden provider and sustainer of modern civilization. Softened by the accretion of culture and luxury we play our victims by proxy and pay the executioners well. The notoriety of the early slaughterhouses is well known, and although the process has since been thoroughly revised, it clearly illustrates the underlying passions and impulses which govern man in his quest for food. Here is a vivid description: "Two butchers with bare arms stepped up to the nearest bullock, roped him and dragged him half-resisting to the spot where a tall young butcher waited with a poleaxe. As soon as the bullock's head was in position for the blow, the poleaxe fell with a crunching sound, penetrating the skull, and the bullock tumbled over struggling and kicking on the stone floor. Immediately another slaughter-man stepped forward and inserted a cane in the hole punched in the skull and proceeded to stir up the brain, an operation accompanied by a convulsive kicking of the bullock now lying on its back. In a few moments the throat was cut, and dark streams flooded the floor. When at once two butchers began to skin the still writhing carcass, broke and cut off the legs at the knee, and removed the entrails, and before one had got over the first shock of horror the carcass was hanging up in its place and other bullocks were felled and struggling on the floor. . . . As they slaughtered, skinned and disembowelled bullock after bullock, the men seemed to catch a certain savage excitement from their work and joked and cursed at the struggling beasts and occasionally as the disembowelling went on, threw the entrails at one another, till the blood-flooded floor, the streaming carcasses and the terrified remnant of cattle made a veritable inferno".[2]

Man still lives on the blood, following the basic patterns of nature. The priscan passions of man rumble on through history and follow him into the highest levels of his civilization. Under the veneer of a shining culture lurk the old modes of behavior and in his highest development he cowers under the onus of the past. The dependence of one life upon another, the constant movement of life in the grooves of mutual destruction, the letch for the kill, the continual inter-slaughter which has accompanied man from the crepuscular past to an even dimmer future—these are the shambles of civilization.

[2] Behind The Scenes in Slaughter-houses, by John Verschoyle.

Space, Time and Deity

by
Raphael Levy

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, Neo-Hegelianism or absolute idealism was the dominant philosophical trend in Great Britain. The metaphysically non-committal positivism or agnosticism of Mill, Spencer, and Huxley had yielded to a more assertive and all-embracing world view. The outstanding exponents of absolute idealism, Caird, T. H. Green, F. H. Bradley, and Bosanquet were well entrenched in the universities and set the tone for British philosophic thought.

However, the native British empirical temper could not long be squelched, and it began to reassert itself in the early decades of the present century. The neo-realistic onslaught was begun by G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell and soon numbered many capable young men, including S. Alexander, whose system is the subject of this paper, among its adherents. S. Alexander has conceived the most complete neo-realistic system, starting with the basic elements of the universe and ascending to Deity.

Alexander (1859-1939) was born in Sydney, Australia of Jewish parents and received his education in the University of Melbourne and in Balliol College, Oxford. As a student he distinguished himself and won many prizes and honors. After graduation he served for several years on the faculty as a fellow and from 1893 to 1924 was a professor of philosophy at the University of Manchester. For many years Alexander worked patiently at metaphysics, and finally he presented his completed system in his Gifford Lectures, delivered at the University of Glasgow between 1916 and 1918 and published as **Time, Space and Deity** in 1920. Though we are not too inclined to accept ethnic explanations of the origins of thought systems, yet we venture to suggest that Alexander's Jewish origin caused him to adopt a more realistic attitude towards the material world, and not to attribute excessive importance to the mind and its cognitive function.

Though realism and idealism differ from each other as to the nature of reality, the origin of the conflict lies in their disagreement concerning the nature of the mind and its noetic function. One of the problems of philosophy, some consider it the fundamental one, is, what is the relationship between mind and the objects given in experience? Is it singular and unlike the relationship between other entities, such as two material things? Or is the nature of the relation the same and the difference is to be found only in the terms related, i.e. in the case of a cognitive act the mind stands related to some object, and not one object to another? Thoroughgoing idealists, such as Berkely, have claimed that if there were no mind there would be no object to experience, that is objects are dependent for their very existence on mind, or have their existence in the mind. On the other hand, Kant, admitting the autonomous existence of some exterior reality, believed that this reality is transformed and moulded by mind to give us objects as we experience them. Our author, S. Alexander, contends that from the empirical standpoint mind has no privileged position in the scheme of things, and experience, which is a relation between mind and its objects, does not differ essentially from certain relationships between objects. "An experience is the compresence of two existences, an act of mind and the object." "Our togetherness with our object and the togetherness of two objects are, so far as 'togetherness' is concerned, identical. The difference between the two situations is to be found not in the nature of the relation, but of the terms related." It is obvious that according to this view, which represents in the main the realist position, one cannot say that mind creates or transforms the experienced objects.

Having established Alexander's conception of the cognitive relation, we shall now proceed to an examination of the nature of reality according to Alexander. The basic constituent elements of the universe are Space and Time, which are to be conceived not as the framework of things and events, nor as the relation of coexistence or succession between them, but the very stuff out of which things or events are made. In other words, existences are, in some sense, complexes of space and time. The character of space as yielded to us by experience is extension and that of time, duration. We can conceive of pure extension by taking an object and abstracting from it all its qualities till all that remains is pure extension. If then, extension and

duration are considered the elemental properties of the world-stuff, we may say in the language of seventeenth-century philosophy that things and events are "modes" of the "substances" extension and duration.

The most interesting feature in Alexander's analysis of Time and Space is the way he shows by metaphysical considerations that Space and Time are interwoven and interlocked in an inextricable unity. His method of proceeding is as follows. Time is given to us in experience as a succession, a series of discrete moments, of fleeting "nows" perpetually recreated. However, we further find in Time a duration, a continuum of past, present, and future. Since these two characteristics of Time considered per se appear contradictory and incompatible there must be some other continuum which support the duration-characteristic of Time, which binds it together, and this is Space. (The "must" in the previous sentence is used, not to indicate deductive validity, but rather a reasonable interpretation of the facts.) A similar analysis can be made of Space. Space considered in its characteristic of extension is an undivided whole, a blank continuum. Yet it is found to contain distinctiveness of parts; hence there must be some form of existence, some entity not itself spatial which distinguishes the parts of Space. This other form of existence is Time. In short, without Space there would be no connection in Time; without Time there would be no discrete points to connect. Alexander continues to demonstrate the interwoveness of Time and Space by showing that Time has three characteristics corresponding to the three-dimensionality of Space, but it is unnecessary to enter into details in this paper. If we accept this conception of Space-Time, we may say that the basic units or elements of reality are point-instants, that is the infinitesimals of Space-Time.

The basic reality of the universe is, then, Space-Time or its barest elements point-instants (events). However very early in the evolution of the universe groupings of such events take place, little clusters are formed and these we know as empirical things or existents. Primarily, these existents are and remain spatio-temporal complexes, but with certain of these groupings there are united qualities such materiality, life, consciousness. We recognize that these characteristics pertain to some existents and not to others, but the question arises are there pervasive characteristics belonging to all existents. Alexander believes that the categories, such as identity, relation, substance are such pervasive characteristics of all events or spatio-temporal groupings. The categories are not, as Kant thought, quirks of the mind which impose themselves on man's apprehension of reality, but quite the contrary they are actual determinations of the nature of reality. It is hardly possible within the scope of this essay to give in full Alexander's treatment of the categories, but we will consider his handling of one of them. Let us take the category of relation. "All existents are in relation because events or groups of them are connected within Space-Time. Relation amongst existents follows from the continuity of Space-Time; this continuity of Space-Time is something primordial and given in experience." Hence because of the continuity of Space-Time, relation, that is any situation or connection between two terms, is a part of the structure of reality and not an imposition of the mind.

We can further illustrate the function of the categories by the following simple substance. If a substance produces a change in another substance we have the relation of cause and effect. Hence while Alexander's universe is one of flux and change, there remain the categories which afford it order and regularity; it is not a chaos.

However besides the pervasive categorial characteristics of events we also find existents possessed of various qualities such as materiality, color, life which vary greatly from one object to another. Alexander analyses the presence of quality in the following manner. In the elementary or first condition of the world there are complexes of Space-Time possessing no quality but subject to categorial determination. In the course of time new event complexes come about which possess as a matter of empirical fact a new quality, called by Alexander an "emergent" quality. This "emergent" quality, however, though new, is expressible in terms of the processes of the level below it. Alexander arrived at this notion of the relation between quality and the spatio-temporal substructure of reality through an analysis and solution of the mind-body problem. Experience leads us to connect our mental processes with our body or more specifically with a certain part of our brain and its allied nervous channels. On this basis, Alexander deems it possible to conclude that the neural activities and thought processes are really the same but seen from different perspectives. Contemplated by an outsider these processes are seen to have a certain neural structure and movement. However to the experiencing, or in Alexander's terminology the "enjoying"

individual, they possess the character of consciousness or mind. Now, in the same way that a given neural process of a certain complexity possesses the new quality of consciousness, so too certain collocations of events when they have attained varying degrees of complexity have different qualities. An example might not be amiss at this juncture. "Physical and chemical processes of a certain complexity have the quality of life. The new quality, life, emerges with this constellation of such processes, and therefore life is at once a physico-chemical complex and yet is not merely physical and chemical for these terms do not sufficiently characterize the new complex which in the course and order of time has been generated out of them."

This emergent evolution has so far produced five levels of existence. The first level is Space-Time, or existents pared down to their bare essentials, characterized only by the categories. Matter, with its primary qualities of size, shape, mass, is the next higher level of reality. These are contemplated through sensations of more than one sense organ, for example size by the tactile and visual senses. The third level of emergent evolution is that of the secondary qualities (color, sound, odor) contemplated through different **single** sense organs. The secondary qualities are real and independent of our minds but do not inhere in an object by itself, but belong to it in relation to its surroundings (not to mind) e.g. to light in the case of color, to air in the case of sound.

Life, which is matter collocated or organized in a distinctive manner, forms the fourth level of emergent evolution and is apprehended through the organic and kinesthetic senses: e.g. the motion of our muscles, the sensations of hunger and thirst. The fifth level is that of mind. The qualities of this level are not contemplated by us at all; we can only observe its neural basis. However beings on the next level above us, called Deity by Alexander, which has not yet been attained, will, by analogy, be able to contemplate the quality of consciousness, which we can only "enjoy".

We are now led naturally from a consideration of emergent evolutionary levels to Alexander's philosophy of religion. Though as Alexander puts it, "We may be immediately aware of G-d in the religious sentiment, in philosophy there is no short road to Deity." Pursuing his empirical method, Alexander finds that G-d in experience is given as the object of the religious emotion or of worship. However metaphysical inquiry must supplement this religious feeling by showing us what place is occupied by the object of worship in the general scheme of things. In Alexander's conception G-d, or the object of worship is the whole present world with its striving towards Deity, that is the next evolutionary stage following that of consciousness or mind. The religious experience can be considered as due to G-d, in that the world in its forward striving (nisus) acts upon human beings to produce the emotion of worship. At this point I should like to register my disagreement. It hardly seems to me accurate to say that in the religious emotion we experience a conation towards so amorphous and vague an object as the world with its nisus towards Deity, who is conceived only by analogy and very indistinctly. Rather normal religious experience would, I believe, tend to show that the emotion of worship is directed towards the source of values, the Creator of the world or its sustaining power.

This presentation of Alexander's philosophy has naturally been quite sketchy, even totally disregarding whole sections of his work, such as his treatment of values and freedom. Nevertheless it is my fond hope that I have indicated the main structure of his philosophy.

We will now briefly recapitulate the main points of his argument. Point-instants, that is the elements of Space-Time, are the stuff of which all existents are composed. Any complex of spatio-temporal elements is characterized by certain fundamental features which are called categories. Besides these pervasive features, things also possess qualities such as materiality, life, which differ from one existent to another. These qualities form a hierarchy, each new quality "emerging" when a certain complexity or collocation of elements on the lower level has been attained. The highest quality we note, at present, in the world is that of consciousness but reasoning by analogy we can assume that a new quality is likely to appear in due time in the universe. This new quality we give the name of Deity, and G-d, the object of worship, is the whole world engaged in process towards the emergence of this new quality.

Some Thoughts on the Later Novels of Thomas Hardy

By MAURICE WOHLGELERNTER '41

Prefatory Note

Some six years ago, men of letters throughout the world quietly celebrated the centennary of Thomas Hardy's birth. It was a solemn though auspicious occasion, for then, the familiar and lovable Wessex was "again" preparing to withstand a possible invasion by the modern demon of Europe. Happily, the Immanent Will prevented the black barbarous hordes of the Continent from treading on English soil.

Though the fears of invasion have long passed and the wars in Europe have temporarily terminated, we still live under the shadow of military exploits. In anguish, we seem to hear a gentle whisper,

> "Thou suffering thing,
> Know that thy sorrow is my ecstacy."[1]

Living in a state of turmoil, it is well that we peruse the works of Hardy, for then we will realize that though the workings of the Will are veiled from the human eye, yet just "as man himself has through long ages risen from unconscious organism to one possessing consciousness, so the Will may also attain to consciousness, and in that attainment refashion all things fair."[2]

This paper makes no attempt at an elaborate analysis of Hardy's works. I have merely attempted to analyze the salient points of the author's creativity, hoping, thereby, to understand Hardy's conception of life. Our paper may thus recrudesce into a series of "unadjusted impressions." But as Hardy once stated, "unadjusted impressions have their value, and the road to a true philosophy of life seems to be in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change."[3]

I. The Making of Hardy's Mind

Born in 1840, Hardy flourished in the complacent atmosphere of Victorian England when the aristocracy lived in affluence, little interested in the humanity which struggled beyond their castle gates. The Empire was expanding and the spirit of "John Bull" prevailed over the far corners of the world. The wealthy middle class was lulled into slumber by the romantic lyrics of a Tennyson. The conventionality of church doctrine imbued the minds of most religionists. The heady refrain of "Britannia rules" rang sonorously over the lapping waves of distant oceans.

Gradually, however, the pleasant state of Victorian life began to totter. The industrial revolution was in the process of destroying the old agricultural England. The conventional religious beliefs gave way before the onslaught of higher biblical criticism.

The first bolt that shattered Victorian complacency came with the publication of Darwin's **Origin of Species** in 1859. Traditional beliefs in man's original creation were exploded. Man no longer remained the center of the universe but became an insignificant link in the "great chain of being." Man was removed from the Garden of Eden and placed amongst thorns and thistles.

1. **Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy**, New York, 1931, p. 7.
2. William R. Rutland, **Thomas Hardy** (brochure), France, 1932, p. 15.
3. **Collected Poems**, p. 75 (Preface to "Poems Past and Present").

The chief protagonists of this new scientific spirit, that so disturbed the tranquil, yet sensitive, Victorian mind, particularly Hardy's, were Benjamin Jowett, Thomas Huxley and John Stuart Mill. With the appearance of **Essays and Reviews** in 1860, we find a marked development of religious and philosophic thought. One of the prominent articles, "On the Interpretation of the Scriptures", was written by the young Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. There Jowett examines the concepts of Inspiration, Baptism, Original Sin and the like, contending that these beliefs should be logically understood. Noteworthy among his remarks, is the last paragraph of this essay, to which a vibrant spirit like Hardy's undoubtedly gave response. It also gives us a lucid description of the environment in which Hardy reached maturity:

> It is a mischief that critical observations which any intelligent man can make for himself should be ascribed to atheism or unbelief. It would be a strange and almost incredible thing that the Gospel which at first made war only on the vices of mankind should now be opposed to one of the highest and rarest of human virtues — the love of truth. And that in the present day the great object of Christianity should be not to change the lives of men but to prevent them from changing their opinions.[4]

To Hardy's mind, Huxley represented "an Ajax striding into the ranks of obscurantism and scattering them before him."[5] Hardy spoke of this scientist as "a man who united a fearless mind with the warmest of hearts and the most modest of manners."[6] For in a society which was nurtured on ancient theological beliefs fearlessness, audacity, and logical acumen were required to rouse it from its lethargy. Huxley possessed all these qualities. He gave expression to his opinions of the new scientific development in a review of the **Origin of Species,** in which he stated:

> Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules; and history recalls that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated; scotched if not slain.[7]

And finally, the logical mind of the eminent philosopher and literary critic, J. S. Mill, profoundly influenced the younger Hardy. We are told that the novelist knew the treatise **On Liberty,** by heart and was highly impressed with the cameo-clearness of Mill's face, with its vast, pale brow.[8] Mill had taught that nothing should obstruct a free thinking mind as it gradually reaches its conclusions. "No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains even more by the errors of one, who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinion of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think."[9] It is better that one suffer endless agony by following the logical dictates of his mind than the remorse of succumbing to a plan of life which is the result of ape-like imitation.

The results of such liberal criticism shattered Hardy's belief in the Christian doctrine. If Christianity was not synonymous with ultimate truth, what became of the conception of Divine justice, bringing all to good in the end? "Brought up in a society in which the tradition of medieval Christianity had been apotheosized, he was indelibly marked by that tradition. His aesthetic sensibility was first affected by the ritual of the Anglican church and by the eloquence of the scriptures."[10] Then, things suddenly changed. Customs, canonized with age, began to lose their sainted aureole. The great tradition — infallability of the Holy Writ — which came as a heritage from his ancestors gradually was destroyed. "Rural England which was hallowed for him by every tie of childish sentiment was beginning to crumble before his eyes."[11]

4. William R. Rutland, **Thomas Hardy,** Oxford, 1938, p. 58.
5. Ibid.
6. Florence E. Hardy, **The Early Life of Thomas Hardy,** London, 1938, p. 58.
7. Rutland, **op. cit.,** p. 59.
8. **Ibid.,** p. 66.
9. John Stuart Mill, **On Liberty,** London, 1935, pp. 48-49.
10. David Cecil, **Hardy the Novelist,** London, 1943, p. 22.
11. **Ibid.**

As a reaction to the turbulent appearance of the universe, Hardy centered his themes about two main problems: the antiquity of the earth and its relation to man; and Immanent Will. He felt that in the earth and those who lived close to it he would find that permanence which the outer world so utterly neglected. He desired to find a rock to which he could cling while tossed by the rushing currents of disbelief. "He set himself for the most part to deal with the inhabitants of a very circumscribed district of England and within that region to deal mainly with two classes — the peasants and members of the lower middle class, shopkeepers, school-teachers, farmers and millers, or professional men who had emerged with some difficulty from the class below them."[12]

Though persons and places constantly changed, Hardy felt that the earth failed to show any signs of disintegration. He saw in the rocks of Egdon Heath his sole attachment to a world which had existed before him and which would remain after he had gone. Nothing in nature could cast its imprint on the "stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon." Hardy sought permanence in change. Recall the description of the Heath in the **Return of the Native:**

> The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages and the people changed yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway and a still more aged burrow — themselves almost crystallized to neutral products by long continuance — even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger touches of the last geological change.[13]

We must digress for a moment to state that one should not conclude, however, that Hardy, by limiting his range of description to the Wessex countryside and its inhabitants, lacked a larger world perspective. He was chiefly interested in human life and its manifold reactions to the existing environment. He considered the human, not as a particular individual but rather as a representative of the species. He envisaged the man of Wessex as representing all mankind. Let us briefly glance at Hardy's description of Giles and Grace walking:

> Hardly anything could be more isolated or more self-contained than the lives of these two walking here in the lonely hour before day, when grey shades, material and mental, are savery grey. And yet their lonely courses formed no detached design at all, but were part of the pattern in the great bet of human doings then weaving in both hemispheres from the White Sea to Cape Horn.[14]

"The domestic emotions have throbbed in Wessex nooks with as much intensity as in the palaces of Europe."[15] Hardy's subject was not men, but man.

As we stated above the first result of secular thought was "to envisage man as a transitory embodiment of relatively abiding types rather than as a supremely important reality for the sake of which the whole universe exists."[16] The second result of the new scientific spirit — the theory of evolution — was the realization that the "Power" which previously existed, for the intelligent mind, beyond and above the Universe, now began to be looked upon as a "process within" the Universe. Divine Immanence replaced the former concept of Divine Transcendence. This theory of Divine Immanence or Immanent Will formed the nucleus of Hardy's thought, particularly in his later works.

2. Manifestations of the Immanent Will

Fate, as an artistic motif, appears in Hardy's works in a great variety of forms, chief among them being, "Nature", "Time" and "Woman." In order to understand, specifically, the part played by these "forms" in the development of

12. J. H. Fowler, "The Novels of Thomas Hardy" (**English Association Pamphlet**, No. 71), Oxford, 1928, p. 4.
13. **Return of the Native**, p. 6.
14. **The Woodlanders**, p. 21.
15. General Preface to the Wessex Edition of Hardy's Works, 1911.
16. C. C. J. Webb, **A Study of Religious Thought in England Since 1850**, Oxford, 1933, p. 13.

man's character, we must clarify Hardy's elaborate treatment of these motifs.

In reply to the nineteenth century claim that the universe was entirely mechanistic, Hardy portrayed Nature as an animate object. The rain, trees, roads, and heaths take on the aspects of a real personality. Hardy gave cosmic matter an anthropomorphic existence:

> The seasons developed and matured . . . Rays from the sunrise drew forth buds and stretched them into long stalks, lifted up sap in noiseless streams, opened petals, and brought out scents in invisible jets and breathings.[17]

Nature's relation to man was envisaged as ambivalent. If the individual lived in harmony with Nature his life was full of contentment. If man identified himself with the earth, cultivating and sowing it, then he derived solace and joy. That relationship with Nature does not always bring happiness, a perusal of Hardy's works will show. Nevertheless, it brings a temporary, transcendent peace. We need only recall Giles Winterbourne's sympathy with Nature, to visualize how it responded to his kind acts:

> Winterbourne's fingers were endowed with a gentle conjuror's touch in spreading the roots of each little tree, resulting in a sort of caress, under which the delicate fibres all laid themselves out in their proper directions for growth.[18]

And as Tess was carrying the hives to the market on the wagon drawn by "Prince", Nature was portentous of imminent calamity, "the occasional heave of the wind became the sigh of some immense sad soul, conterminous with the universe in space and history, in time."[19]

On different occasions, however, Nature, acting as a conscious agent of the Will, brings great distress to man. On discovering the power an insignificant tree had in formulating and finally destroying the lives of the inhabitants of Little Hintock, we begin to realize the irony of Nature. Mr. South possessed a craze for a tree and dies when it is removed. By means of a peculiar phrase in his property lease, Giles is left a pauper. Penniless, he is unable to marry Grace who turns to Fitzpiers and is consequently doomed to a tragic life with him.[20]

Similarly, the fate of Michael Henchard is sealed when Nature tragically rewards him for his indiscretions and bitter thoughts. Accepting the predictions of a local "weather-caster", he filled his granaries to choking, hoping that the tempest would send the people scrambling for his stock. "Suddenly the weather changed and the sunlight which had been like tin for weeks, assumed the hues of topaz. An excellent harvest was almost a certainty; and as a consequence prices rushed down. Henchard had mistaken the turn of the flood for the turn of the ebb."[21] He lost heavily.

Hardy also personified Time. It, too, was an agent of the Immanent Will. The weird, sordid characterization of "Little Father Time", Jude's son, is a superlative example of this personification. Father Time "was age masquerading as Juvenility . . . a ground swell from ancient years of night seemed now and then to lift the child in this his morning — life, when his face took a back view over some great Atlantic of time and appeared not to care what it saw."[22] "Father Time" was cursed with all the plagues of bygone years. He appeared to have outlived his present environment. He was perplexed with a world in which the "particulars" were of greatest importance. He was concerned with the "generals". Time was all embracing.

As a servant of the Will, Time wreaks its greatest havoc on "love". Time can alienate the closest lovers, enstranging them both. The past is forgotten and substitutes replace the vacated seats of love. Recall the interesting passage describing Tess' departure from Clare:

17. Tess of the D'Urbervilles, p. 144.
18. Woodlanders, p. 64.
19. Tess, p. 31.
20. Woodlanders, Chapt. XIV.
21. The Mayor of Casterbridge, p. 225.
22. Jude the Obscure, p. 326.

> He [Clare] knew, and she knew, that though the fascination which each had exercised over the other . . . would probably in the first days of their separation be even more potent than ever, time must attenuate that effect . . . Moreover, when two people are once parted . . . new growths insensibly bud upward to fill each vacated place; unforseen accidents hinder intentions, and old plans are forgotten.[23]

Time is the healer of all wounds.

Man, cast in a dark and unsatisfying world, searches for "happiness." In order to withstand the negative realities of life, he answers the call of love. By submission to his passions, he finds "an intimation of the happiness that he hopes will free him from the burden of the human lot." He naturally turns to the opposite sex, woman.

But to Hardy, Woman, as an instrument of Fate, is the most potent obstruction to man's happiness. Although love is the basis of Woman's existence, her frailty, pathos and vanity make her dependent upon Fate. She writhes feverishly under the oppressiveness of emotion dispensed by cruel Nature's laws.

The chief flaw in Hardy's female characters is deceit. If Tess would not have withheld the secret of her illicit relationships with Alec, her prayers of forgiveness would not have made Clare observe "a want of harmony between her present mood of self-sacrifice and past mood of self-preservation."[24] Tess would never have heard Time's satiric chant:

> Behold, when thy face is made bare, he that loved thee shall hate;
> Thy face shall be no more fair at the hall of thy fate,
> For thy life shall fall as a leaf and be shed as the rain;
> And the veil of thine head shall be grief, and the crown shall be pain.[25]

3. Job and Mr. Hardy

Some of Hardy's critics have criticised the fact that the novelist satisfied the demands of his imagination by discarding the logical structure in his works. When Tess was able to obtain funds for the upkeep of her destitute family, from Angel's parents, why did she return to Alec, the unconvincing revivalist? When Angel returns to Tess, penitent and remorseful, why does she murder Alec before leaving? Their lives would not have been affected by Alec's continued existence. But Hardy was so possessed with this work as a darkening tragedy that a natural ending to the dilemma, presented in this book, was forsaken for an overdose of emotionalism.

Similarly the plot of Jude outrages the credulity of the reader. After Jude and Sue live together for some time, they are socially ostracised. This leaves Jude penniless. They sink lower and lower. "Little Father Time" arrives on the scene, killing himself and Sue's two children. The reader is outraged at this horrible spectacle and Hardy's deliberate defiance of the laws of probability.

It is well known that Hardy was fond of the Bible and made deliberate studies of it as the model for his narrative prose.[26] After Genesis, his favorite single book was Job. Critics have, naturally, noted Job's influence on the development of Hardy's intense emotionalism and bitter agony. Let us pause, therefore, to consider the validity of this analogy.

If we are to construe Job as the righteous man who was smitten with "sore boils from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head"; who lost his seven sons and three daughters; who sat in the midst of an ash-heap without sinning with his tongue, then, perhaps, the analogy between novelist and prophet is correct. For Hardy also saw man struggling against the mysterious hand of Fate. The Will played havoc with man's destiny. He was cast on the waves of misfortune to sink slowly into the bottomless sea of destitution. Man has sinned. He enters into a debate with his friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar to justify the ways of God to man; exclaiming, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."[27]

23. **Tess**, p. 280.
24. **Ibid.**, p. 261.
25. **Ibid.**, p. 263.
26. F. E. Hrdy, **op. cit.**, p. 222-223.
27. **Job** 1:21.

But the Danish philosopher, Soren Kierkegaard, gives us a different, more profound and more orthodox interpretation of Job's ordeal. In a group of imaginary epistles to a friend, he writes:

> The greatness of Job consists in the fact that the passion of freedom within him is not stifled or tranquilized by a false expression. Under similar circumstances this passion is often stifled in a man for the fact that pusillanimity and paltry dread had made him believe that he suffered for the sake of his sins, when such was not the case at all. The soul of such a man lacked persistence in carrying a thought through when the world persisted in thinking the contrary. When a man thinks that a misfortune overtook him because of his sins, that may be pretty and genuine and humble, but it may also be because he obscurely conceives of God as a tyrant, a notion to which man at the same instant gives a meaningless expression by subsuming God under ethical categories.[28]

At this very point, Hardy's characters fail. Sue Bridehead thinks that the death of her children was ascribed to her flight from Philotson. Both she and Jude never fulfill their desires to leave the city which ostracised them for living together. They remain doomed to everlasting perdition.

When people are confronted with the problem of disaster, they must realize as Job did, that "the border conflicts incident to faith are fought out within themselves."[29] From the dungeon of despair, one can rise to the loftiest heights of happiness; from the realization of sin, one can reach piety. Hardy's characters, however, were unable to resolve the "conflicts which were incident to faith."

"When everything has come to a standstill, when thought is brought to a halt, when speech becomes mute, when the explanation in bewilderment seeks the way home — then there must be a thunderstorm."[30] After this "thunderstorm", man must recreate that which he lost. Job's intrinsic greatness rests on the fact that he could rebuild from chaos his majestic stature. He could regain that which he previously possessed. He could repeat the life he, heretofore, cherished. Only by "repetition", will "the intimacy of the Lord dwell again in the tents of Job."[31] Men will understand him and come to eat bread in his home, as in days of old.[32] Then he will realize "how much good a thunderstorm does after all![33] Unfortunately, Hardy's characters cannot evaluate the "thunderstorm". They are doomed to everlasting perdition; they cannot recreate their lives.

Profoundly tragic though Hardy's view of life was, he never blenched from accepting it. Other distinguished writers of his age—Arnold, Fitzgerald, A. E. Housman —also reached melancholy conclusions. However, each of them fortified himself against these conclusions as best he could: Arnold by "dignified stoicism"; Fitzgerald by "bitter-sweet hedonism"; and Housman by "romantic defiance." Hardy was too sensitive to achieve such detachment. He resigned himself to face life in a spirit of acquiescence.

Hardy agreed with those Christian teachers who taught that there was no alternative to Christianity but pessimism; that if Christianity were not true, life was a tragedy. He believed that the Christian virtues of fidelity, compassion and humility were the most beautiful. "He accepted the Christian temper but not its consolation." His only consolation, undoubtedly came when Barrie, Galsworthy, Gosse, A. E. Housman, Kipling and Shaw placed his cold, shrivelled body in "Poet's Corner", Westminster Abbey.[34] Then, his soul became one with the Immanent Will.

28. Soren Kierkegaard, **Repetition**, translated with an introduction by Walter Lowrie, Princeton, 1941, p. 125.
29. **Ibid.**, p. 130.
30. **Ibid.**, pp. 132-33.
31. **Job** 29:4.
32. **Job** 42:10, 11.
33. Kierkegaard, **op. cit.**, p. 132.
34. Carl J. Weber, **Hardy of Wessex**, New York, 1940, p. 227.

Selected Bibliography

An Hypothesis Concerning Horace's Parentage

by
Charles Siegal and Abraham Pelberg

Through the centuries, Horace has remained the most popular and widely read of Roman poets. His natural, yet beautiful style, his grace and artistic mastery have fired the imagination of different generations of men for almost two millenia. For Horace is one of the few Roman authors who found the hard and rugged Latin malleable and made it a soft clay, which, with his masterful style, he moulded into a supple instrument of expression. And although he wrote in an age alien to our own, he nevertheless captures our interest with his timely remarks.

One of the most striking features of Horace's writings is his keen power of observation and his unusual ability to paint a detailed picture. The most minute occurrence never goes unnoticed by this Roman master. Because of this noteworthy characteristic, we have in Horace's works not merely poetry but a mirrored reflection of the daily life of the Romans and especially a detailed description of his own intimate life and habits. In his writings there emerges before the reader's eyes a living, pulsating character fraught with psychological struggles and antithesis. He stands revealed as a man who could cloak his genius in inimitably soft and melodious verse, as a personality who was simple yet elegant, good-natured yet sarcastic, lowly born yet striving towards the pinnacle of perfection. This lucid character sketch of himself combined with his autobiography, the story of his friendships, enmities, dramatic successes, bitter disappointments, gives us a composite picture of the sum total of the works, thoughts, actions and associations of the greatest of Roman poets.

However, so much has been written about Horace that we can hope to add little that has been missed by the meticulous searchings of scholars throughout the ages. Nevertheless there is one phase of Horace's life which has been left unsolved. This aspect, namely the relationship of Horace to the Jews, has troubled classicists for generations.

For in his writings, particularly his satires, Horace makes several puzzling references to Jewish traditions and observances. The tone and content of these references coupled with several factors of his background which we know and others which we suspect has led us to believe that it was not mere curiosity or close observation that led Horace to remark about Jewish life but rather a far stronger tie. We believe that this tie was parental in nature.

In order to realize the probable veracity of the above statement we shall first turn to Horace's birthplace, Venusia. This beautiful small Italian town was the home of a large Jewish population. That this is so is proven by the fact that there are found in Venusia extensive catacombs which bear the graves of thousands of Jews. Many of these tombs bear Latin or Greek inscriptions of Jewish symbols such as Menorahs, palm branches, and the Ark. These translated inscriptions in addition to the wide occurrence of ornamental representations both of which are not allowed by Jewish law, indicate that there was a high degree of assimilation rampant among the Jews of Venusia. Thus we see that Horace's birthplace was the scene of a large assimilated Jewish population. We believe, as will be confirmed below, that Horace was born of such an assimilated parentage.

Let us now examine Horace's literary references to the Jews to find what substantiation there is, if any, to the hypothesis which we have stated. As we have mentioned above, Horace refers to the Jews very frequently. Regarding these references there are disputes among scholars as to the correct interpretation. We shall state these references and present the explanation which we consider most logical.

In Book I, Fourth Satire, Horace makes mention of the proselytizing activities of the Jews. In a plea to the people to allow him to continue his writings he ends with the following threat.

Multa poetarum veniet manus auxilio quae
Sit mihi-nam multo plures sumus ac veluti te
Judaei cogemus in hanc concedere turban

A crowd of poets will come to help me for we far outnumber you — and like the Jews we will force you to come into our fold.

A closer analysis of this passage shows that the Jews in Rome were a powerful minority which was growing in strength and that the Romans feared them. And, the fact that mention of the Jews is made at such an important point in the story, coupled with the use of the Judaei (Jews) as a symbol to represent the strength are marks of an author not merely curious but with a direct relationship to the people in mention. As we have stated above, we believe that that relationship was due to the fact that Horace stemmed from Jewish parentage.

Perhaps a more striking proof to the validity of our claim is the extremely controversial passage in Book I, Satire IX, "The Pushing Fellow" where Horace finds himself in unpleasant company and in an attempt to rid himself of this obnoxious individual, Horace attracts the attention of his friend Aristius Fuscus and has the following very significant conversation with him. Certe nescio quid secreto velle loqui te aiebas mecum. Certainly, (Horace says) you wished to speak to me in private about a certain matter. Memini bene, sed meliore tempore dicam; **hodie tricesima sabbata;** vin tu curtis Judaeis oppedere Nulla mihi inquam religio est. At mi; sum paulo infirmior unus multorum. Ignosces (alias loquar), Fuscus answers, "I remember it well, but I will discuss it with you at a more convenient time. Today is the **Tricesima Sabbata.** Would you insult the circumcised Jews." Horace then replies, **"I am not religious."** "But," Fuscus responds, "I am, for I am one of the crowd and I am a bit weaker."

This is one of the most significant remarks Horace makes about the Jews. There are two major points to be considered in an analysis of this passage. First, the inviting problem of the Tricesima Sabbata. Volumes have been written on this perplexing puzzle. What holiday was Horace referring to? We feel that the most satisfactory rendition of this expression can be obtained through an examination of the literal meaning of the phrase. The words themselves mean "thirtieth Sabbath." Now, if we remember that in the time of Horace the Roman calendar year began in the month of March and that the months of the Roman Calendar corresponded very closely to those of our own, the thirtieth Sabbath would occur at the end of September or the beginning of October. And, since a great sanctity was attached to this particular holy day, namely that Fuscus was unwilling to even speak about profane matters on this day, we feel that this was the Holy Day of Atonement. Is it not remarkable that such a prominent Roman as Horace should have such a detailed knowledge of Jewish holidays?

A more decisive proof for our assumption can be obtained from the rest of the above quoted passage. After a close observation of this excerpt we find that Fuscus was a demi-proselyte who, although he did not understand Judaism, feared the violation of its observances. He therefore was extremely hesitant to discuss profane matters on the holiest day of the year with Horace, who was also a Jew! We can assume from this passage that Horace was a Jew on two grounds. First, because Fuscus tells Horace "Do **you** want to offend the Jews by talking about unholy matters on this day?" Thus if Horace was a non-Jew this protest would not make any sense. For what offense is it to a Jew if a Gentile speaks about profane matters on Yom Kippur. Secondly, Horace retorts. **"Nulla Religio mihi est",** which we choose to render "I am not religious." A statement which bears out our original theory that Horace was of Jewish lineage but that he replaced the religion of his ancestors with epicurean ideas. Our hypothesis again acquires more strength from Fuscus' second reply that he is not as strong-willed as Horace, meaning that he has not the power to cast off religious obligations as easily as Horace has done.

As a further evidence, we offer a third selection from Horace which can be found in Book I, Satire V. Horace after hearing about an altar miracle at Egnatia dismissed it as untrue and declared, "Credat Judaeus Apella non ego; namque deos

didici securum agere aevum nec, si quid miri faciat natura, deosid tristis ex alto caeli demittere tecto." Let the Jew Apella believe it, not I; for I have learned that the gods pass a care-free life (in heaven) and not, if nature produces anything miraculous, that the anxious gods send it from their high canopy of heaven.

From this quotation we learn several facts about the Jews in the time of Horace. First, the Jews were numerous, for otherwise his readers would not have understood who Apella was. It also indicates that there was a struggle between the religious and assimilationists in the Jewish community. Horace was one of the latter who had embraced the teachings of Epicurus and his disciple Lucretius as is shown by the nature of his reply.

In view of our theory, one can comprehend more easily a problem which has baffled classicists for centuries. Horace writes about almost everything with which he comes in contact. Many insignificant personages are subjects for his remarks; even most unimportant details are written about at length. And accordingly page after page is filled with eloquent expressions of thankfulness to his father. But no mention is made of the identity or nature of his mother.

This can be explained very easily with the hypothesis we have promulgated. Horace did not mention his mother because she was a Jewess. And, since he strove to rise to the heights of Roman society, he avoided any mention of his mother. For, as soon as the Romans would learn of his Jewish parentage, Horace surely knew that this would toll the death knell of his social carerr.

Thus in the short voyage through Horace which we have taken with the reader, we have perhaps discovered an erstwhile hidden phase of Horace's life. At least, many seeming contradictions and obscurities can be comprehended through the application of this hypothesis.

The Moustache

by

Bernard Weisberg

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This story is the winner of the annual short story contest award established by the class of '42 in memory of the late Jerome Robbins.*

"Hey, Joe!"

"Yeah?"

"What are ya doin'?"

"Aw, nothin' much. Just goin' into my room to rest for a while. Those two weeks at Grossinger's made raw meat outa my feet. Boy, are they sore!"

"Heck, I didn't get a chance to work at Grossinger's this Pesach. I applied too late."

"C'mon in and throw the bull around for a while, Red, no sense in doin' any studyin' the first night back."

Red and Joe walked down the dormitory hall past a row of doors with numbers stencilled on them and stopped at the one marked 256. Joe pulled out a ring of keys, opened the door, and they both walked in.

The room was high-ceilinged with light blue walls and a brown stone floor. Two small beds separated by a bureau jutted out from one side of the room and opposite them was a desk, two chairs, and another bureau in a corner. Opposite the door two windows looked out upon the back court of a typical grey-brick New York apartment house.

Joe put on the fluorescent desk-lamp and closed the ceiling light. Then he and Red stretched out on the beds, lit cigarettes, and lay there silently for several minutes, watching the smoke, blue in the light of the lamp, curling upwards and out of the open windows.

Then Joe turned over and, leaning on one elbow, said:

"Where'd ya work, Red?"

"Aw, at a small hash-house in Atlantic City. I didn't even come out with $75 clean. You know those cheap b———s from Philly. How'd you make out?"

Joe lay back again with a satisfied sigh, closed his eyes, and mouthed each syllable with reverence.

"One-hun-dred-and-twen-ty-five-bucks-clear!"

Red didn't say a thing for a while, letting the words sink in. Then he took the cigarette out of his mouth, flicked off the dead ashes, and stared at a crack in the ceiling.

"You lucky bum."

"Whaddaya mean lucky? I worked like a dog, carrying forty people, with silver service in the bargain. Lucky, huh? What did you have, a measly twenty-five people? Lucky!"

"Yeah, but you made a hundred and twenty-five bucks, didn't ya? Jeez, I could use that."

Red raised one leg in the air and looked at the frayed cuffs of his trousers and at the run-down heels of his shoes. He lowered his leg again and began playing with the well-kept moustache that adorned his upper lip.

"Will you stop playin' with that thing? It makes me and everyone else nervous."

"Heck, you're just jealous, you and everyone else. Ya gotta massage it to make it grow."

Red laughed as he said this but the laugh was smothered by the pillow that landed in his face.

Then Joe laughed and dodged the pillow that sailed back at him.

"Please, Red, peace. I'm too darn tired."

They both resumed their smoking in silence, listening to the cacophony of sound rising from the dormitory rooms. Then Red chuckled to himself and Joe looked over at him.

"Whatsa joke?"

"Nothin . . . Say Joe, did I ever tell ya how I **almost** got a job waiting at the Waldorf, the Waldorf-Astoria I mean."

"Are you kiddin'?"

"Naw, I'm serious. And it was because of my moustache that I didn't get the job, too."

Joe looked at Red to see whether he was serious or not, and, satisfied, said with interest,

"Nope, ya never told me. C'mon, give."

"Well, Jack Stern and I were pretty hardup for money. This was about a year ago, in March. So we decided to look for a job as waiters in a downtown hotel. You know, part-time work for weekend parties and banquets. First went to the union. No dice. You had to have a job first, they said. Heck, when we went lookin' for a job they said we hadda belong to he union first. It's a racket!

"Gettin' back to the story, we went to the Wellington, the Edison, the Astor, and a half a dozen more places but there wasn't a thing open. Then we decided to try Park and Madison Aves. Again no luck. Everywhere they wanted steady help but no weekend stuff.

"We were gettin' pretty disgusted. It was cold, too, so we decided to have a beer. After the beer we kept walkin' and walkin' 'till we found ourselves in front of the Waldorf-Astoria, no less. I look at Jack and he looks at me and we both laugh. 'Heck, Jack, I says, we haven't got a chance.' But he says whatta we got to lose, so we walked around to the service entrance."

Red stopped and lit another cigarette while Joe, who had sat up in interest as the story progressed, puffed impatiently on his Chesterfield.

"Well, go on!"

Red, satisfied at the way his cigarette was drawing, went on.

"We got inside and stop at a guy in a room behind a wire cage. I guess he was the timekeeper because there were a lot of time cards in a rack and a clock on the wall next to the door. Well, the bird in the gilded cage asks us what we want and we tell him. He looked us over thinkin' out loud that we're a little young, but they musta been hardup for help all right because he told us to follow him upstairs.

"We go up with him on the service el crowded with a couple of carts full of garbage pails and another one with silver coffee pots in it.

"We stopped at the fourteenth floor and got out. Whatta place. Ya shoulda seen it, Joe, all red carpets on the floor, waiters in red jackets and tux pants runnin' back and forth with trays. Then I saw why the timekeeper looked at us kinda leery about takin' us up. The waiters were all old geezers, in their sixties it looked like. They all had pot-bellies, too."

Red chuckled as he recalled the scene and Joe joined in.

"Yeah, I know. And those old guys hate to have anyone muscle in on their jobs, too."

"That's right. But they didn't notice us. We followed the guy past two of the biggest and cleanest kitchens I ever saw—there musta been a kosher affair there—and up some stairs. He knocked on a door and brought us into an office.

"What a place!" Red rugs on the floor, a big shiny desk, nice pictures on the walls, a small bar in a corner, and four or five guys in monkey suits standin' around.

"Then a tall guy walks over, blond hair, blue eyes as cold as a frozen Milky Way, and looks us over. The timekeeper tells him what we want and leaves. This big boy, who turned out to be the head waiter, gives us each an application to fill out . . .

"Formal, aren't they," interrupted Joe.

"I'll say. But they hafta be. Ya know, Joe, they wanted us to work the next weekend at a big dinner for President Roosevelt. Gee, what we missed."

"C'mon, tell me about the job, Red," complained Joe.

"O.K., O.K., take it easy. Well, we filled 'em out, the applications I mean, and what lies I told! Ya hadda have experience, so I put down the Copley-Plaza in Boston, the Laurel-in-the-Pines, Grossinger's, and a coupla more. What a paper! It was like a civil service application.

"That took us about fifteen minutes and then the cold-eyed guy looked 'em over. I didn't like him attall. He had a slight German accent, too. Well, he O.K.'s the applications and then asks us to stand up. We did. Then he walked around us, lookin' at every inch of us he could see, sizin' us up as if we were horses or somethin'. I didn't like him attall, and Jack and I were plenty nervous.

"Then he says, 'You're all right. Get a tuxedo and come back next Saturday evening at 7:00. The job's yours — except for one thing. You!' He pointed at me. 'You'll have to shave off that moustache!'

Joe started to grin as Red continued.

"I looked at the guy and I was pretty sore. Finally, I get up enough patience to ask him why. The nerve of him!

'Because,' he says, 'this is a first-class hotel.'

"Well, if there's one thing I'm sensitive about is my moustache. So I stood right up to him and said, 'Well, this is a first-class moustache!' So Jack and I walked out and—"

The rest of Red's words were lost to posterity as Joe's pillow landed on his face once more. THE END

HOLLOW FIRE

by
Abraham Werner

James Patrick Aloysius Richards stepped out into the cold, cloudy, moonless night. The weather was threatening; the paper had said "rain" (he had a violent dislike of rain); and his head had ached all afternoon—but despite all this he strode vigorously in the direction of Pine and Eight where rows and rows of Fitzgerald's Quality Liquors awaited him.

As he walked, he ran his fingers over his left hip-pocket to make certain he had not forgotten his wallet. Then he adjusted his snap-brim hat. It was not until he had lit a Camel that his mind became receptive to thought.

He recalled that it was was on just such a night that his father had caught the cold that resulted in pneumonia. Less than two weeks later, he died—on a cold rainy night. This was eleven months ago, to be exact, and in that time much had happened. He had met Paula, for instance . . .

James Richards, tall, handsome, twenty-five, looking every bit the fashionable rake—who could have guessed the memories which crowded his brain?

He had always been considered bright, and when he was graduated from St. Paul's High School his parents had decided to enter him at the University. Imperceptibly, but gradually, there sprang up in the hearts of his parents an ambition to see their son James a priest. James had never seriously considered the ministry, attending the University because his parents chose this school for him, because he had been awarded a scholarship, and because it was close to home and most of his friends went there.

It was towards the end of his junior year that his parents' ambition for him dawned on his deeper consciousness. Almost immediately he rejected it. He had long suspected that his affiliation with the faith of his parents was accidental and did not spring from conviction. He knew now that the priesthood was impossible because belief was impossible. At the University there were many youths like him, serious, intellectual, endowed with a capacity for deep emotion, tortured, suspended between faith and doubt, writhing in an implacable vise . . .

After a period of storm and stress he fancied that he could be a great writer. Someone had told him that he had an artistic soul, and he had always written well, so . . . After beginning many writing projects and finishing very few, he decided that he was not a great writer. He realized that he had only the artist's temperament, not his capacities.

In the meantime he had decided to continue his studies at graduate school. A fierce lust for learning had seized him . . . His parents had long since despaired of his ever becoming a priest. His father, a simple but devout Catholic, had finally succeeded in cooling himself; he envisioned a son who would be a famous philanthropic business man, a lay pillar of the church. Disturbing news of his son's heretical views drifted home to him, but he brushed them aside impatiently until they could no longer be ignored. Then, after violent arguments, he succumbed to the inevitable.

James was not a slouch or a common bookworm. He was an intellectual who had cultivated a taste for hard liquor and poker. He also liked the ponies and women . . . fast women, and why not? Had not lovers of horse meat from time immemorial loved fillies as well?

James continued graduate work in economics and history. For a time he was attracted by the Marxist dream, but finally he came to consider even this ideal diaphanous. His radical and even blasphemous views served to make life under one roof with his parents unbearable. Just after James secured his M.A. and a year after he left home, his father died.

— Strange, was it not, that pop should go like that, while he was not yet old and was still in comparatively good health. He recalled now as he walked how weary his father had appeared when he had visited his parents just before the senior Richard's last illness. Still, no one would have suspected . . . except Mother Richards. She alone knew how heart-broken her husband really was over their elder son's defection from the faith. James' mother was now living with his younger brother, the good son, the one who had married Sal. Sally, the little pig-tailed girl who had lived in the same apartment house as the Richards as far back as James could remember. Had Johnny been an adult, they would probably never have met, but being children, and having no need for introductions, they had always known each other. Johnny was now selling insurance and was considered one of the most promising younger men in the firm. Oh, Johnny would make the grade, all right. Johnny never missed. He had won a wonderful wife, was on his way up in the business world, and despite his youth, had just been elected vice-president of St. Dominick's, the family church. Mom was proud of him and what with a junior Richards on its way, the little greying woman was regaining the cheerfulness which had always been her strongest characteristic until her husband's death. . . .

It was beginning to drizzle. A fog had descended on the city and the wet streets glistened in the dim light shed by street lamps and the headlights of an infrequent automobile. James pulled his coat tighter about him. Then, stopping suddenly, he made a sharp turn and entered Macdougal's Tavern.

"Hello, Jimmy."
"Hello, Mac."
"Bad night, Jimmy me boy."
"Bad in a way, yes, but a swell night to get plastered. Hello, Sam."
"Oh, hello Jim."

"Say, Mac., said James, "could you give me two nickels for a dime, and pour me a shot of Schenley, will you? I'll be right back."

He dialed Columbus 4-1174. After a moment, a throaty silken voice said, "Hello?"

"Hello, angel, this is Jim. I'm on the way over now and I'll be at your place in a half hour. The weather held me up a bit. How are you, sweet?"

"My, but you're loving tonight, Aloysius." Paula always kidded him about his middle name when she wanted to provoke his ire. He, in turn, called her Paully for no other reason than that he liked it.

"Say, mistress mine, shall I bring some wine?"
"Ouch!"
"O.K., O.K. So I'll get a fifth of rye."
"What's the matter, Aloysius lad, don't you drink?"

"All right, I'll bring two bottles — say, you are a fish in more ways than one. So long now, Paully. See you soon."

"I'll be waiting, Jimmy. Now remember, no Hegel and no Carlyle tonight." Disconcerted, he did not reply. "Goodbye . . . daddy."

James frowned as he hung up the receiver. Then, smiling wryly, downed his waiting drink in a gulp.

It was still raining when he left the tavern, so he hailed a taxi. His mind was a blank, free from the yoke imposed by thought. After a few moments he heard noises, then voices, then a voice. He felt a resemblance between the voice of the torch singer and that of his beloved. Then he thought that it was really Paula. Dreamily he turned his head to watch the fall of the rain. The pathos in the sultry voice chanting the "Blues" fascinated him. The raindrops were swollen tears. They fell to the rhythm of the tune. A man's voice cut short the tune. Irritated, he glared at the cab driver. Then he realized that the radio was playing.

He began to reflect that Paully's voice was not identical with that of the singer. For all her passion and animal heat, Paully was still more refined, more delicate. Her voice was sultry, all right, but it was the kind of heat that brought with it a breeze . . .

"Is this seat taken?"

Startled from his reverie by the sultry cool voice, he had looked up to find a sultry-cool girl . . . Yes, that was it — sultry-cool. He remembered with pleasure that first glimpse of her — slender, slightly above middle height, and . . . sexy as all hell . . . geez what a girl.

After that first sweeping glance he had become all but entranced by her beautiful dark purple-blue eyes. Before they both alighted at Boston he had told her that her eyes were laughing violets, informing her at the same time that the color of her trim suit was ashen grey. He had secured her name and address and then . . .

He had never known a girl like Paully — never had a woman who combined wit and acumen with an animal lust for life, a craving for all things good. He wondered what would have become of him had he never met her. With a little shock of surprise he realized for the first time that he was in love with her. He almost spoke the words aloud. "Does one marry his mistress, I wonder?"

His work had fallen off some since he had met her. Fallen off? Clearly, he had lost interest in things intellectual after apprehending on intimate terms the purely animal. The purely animal — that described Paula. Not the vulgar, not the coarse animal, but the pure animal. She had a lust for life, pure and simple, and he dimly realized that while it contributed in many ways to her great charm for him, yet this **élan vital** of hers was gnawing at, was sapping his intellectual vigor.

The rain pounded on the pavement. A gust of April wind whirled along some luckless leaves strewn on its path . . . He reflected that the leaves were large . . . they had probably survived the winter and its blasts only to be torn from the moorings to which they had painfully clung all the winter, by this rain, and driven and smashed by this wind, on this April . . . He recalled April some four years ago — It was April, wasn't it, when I had that last memorable talk with Father Kelly? He had told his professor of history he was leaving Catholicism forever. The priest had not argued, hadn't cajoled. He had, however, warned him.

"Be careful, Jimmy. Don't do anything you'll regret later, all your life, perhaps. Tell me, Jimmy, what do you plan to do now, after you graduate, I mean?"

"Frankly, Father, I don't know exactly, but I expect to get a "master" in history and then go to journalism school. I've always written fairly well, and even if I do not become a master, I'm sure that I can be a good journalist and I think that I'd like the newspaper game. Being news editor of the Chronicle hasn't exactly hurt, either. But most of all, I'd like to study, — I'd like to go my way alone."

His friend mused, "Alone? Many of our young people seem to like that nowadays, going one's way alone, I mean. You've read 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,' haven't you?" James nodded.

"I've often wondered," continued the priest, "what happens to Stephen after he makes his decision at the close of the book. What really happens to him? How is he at forty? At sixty?"

"What, Stephen Dedalus live 'til sixty! Why he could never . . .

"How is he on his death-bed," went on Father Kelly, completely unaware of the interruption. "Does he die in bed? Most of all, I wonder if he perseveres in his resolve. Does he really go it alone all the way or does he succumb somewhere along the line? You know, Jimmy, people nowadays glorify the rebel, the individual who revolts against society. But the important thing, it seems to me, is this: against what is he revolting, and why? In short, when one revolts against society for the sheer blind sense of relief it affords him — that's one thing; when he revolts against society

because he finds society and its present-day mores revolting — that's something else. And even if it is the latter that he rebels against, does he persevere in that course which he has chosen for himself? Does he persevere?

"Perhaps you recall in the beginning of Aristotle's Politics where the philosopher points out that by nature man is a gregarious animal. Then he goes on to say that the man who chooses to isolate himself from society, from the normal social life of man, he must be either a god or a beast. And that's why I am interested in the end of Stephen Dedalus' life rather than in its beginning. Does he turn into a god or beast? Tell me, Jimmy, what becomes of him? You know, my boy, we are not gods; we are far, far lower than angels . . .

James recalled that the priest had stopped then and he, swiftly changing the subject, had said, "You know, Father, I shall always remember you as you are now. I shall always think of you as a modern Friar Laurance." James had always loved Shakespeare's Friar Laurance. He personified his idea of what a priest should be and he could think at the moment of no finer compliment for his friend. He remembered how Father Kelly's eyes had lighted up and he said, "Is that a gleam I see in your eye, Father?"

The priest had responded grandly, "And what is a gleam in one's eye, but the reflection of the light of the sun or of the light of the soul or of the warmth of his neighbor's heart." Then he had turned to gaze—warmly—at him.

He would never forget that response . . . They had parted after that. It was the last important talk he had with his favorite professor, his friend and . . . Father.

He looked out once more and slowly he realized that the worst of the storm was past, and he reflected that from the storm's viewpoint, it was the best of itself that was spent, and he wondered if the best part of his life were not behind him. He had dreamed of hard work and sweat, and scaling the intellectual heights. Even after entering journalism school he had continued to study academic subjects, such as economics, French and English. But particularly had he turned to the serious business of making himself a journalist and writer. He could write a good news story and a ringing article. He had even written a few passable short stories. There was an unfinished one on his typewriter now, that looked promising . . .

And now in the last four months something had happened to his work. He had found a new interest in life — not that Paully was an unwholesome interest.

Not that Paully was unwholesome . . . well, wasn't she? Her cultured hedonism frightened him at times and she had an unholy capacity for drink. Yet, he had never seen her drunk and they had drank much and often together, so much so, that he was learning to keep up with her. He felt bewitched, spellbound — and Paula was the witch behind the wand. She might turn him into many things but mainly he feared two.

He envisioned himself married — fairly happy at that. He was thirty-five or forty, in a fine, comfortable rut, an insignificant reporter on some big city newspaper, his identity blotted out — he, James Patrick Aloysius Richards! (That would be the man)

— Again, he was thirty-five or forty. He hung around bars. Why shouldn't a man drink if he liked the stuff? "Aw, g'wan, spend that quarter on a shave." (That would be the beast — almost as bad)

Suddenly, he became cognizant of the cold. What of his work, his ambitions and studies? The light and the fair dream, what would become of them? He had a sudden, irresistable impulse to stop the taxi.

"Cabby! Hey, Cabby!"
"Yeah, what is it?"
"Drop me off at the corner, will you?"

He was standing on the sidewalk. As he looked around he noticed a garish red neon sign directly above him. It blared: Fitzgerald's — Quality Liquors. After a

moment's hesitation, and with a sardonic grin, he walked in. There was no one in the store but a clerk.

"Two fifths of Schenley, please."

He paid for the whiskey which the clerk put in a large bag. Ruefully he noticed that his slender bankroll was now more anemic-looking than ever. As he left, it occurred to him that the precious stuff in his arms was "Lethewater" — plenty of poor devils thirsted for the release it alone could bring. He wondered if he would ever become like that . . . He brushed the thought from his mind.

It had stopped raining by now. The air was fresh and clean but in the distance some remnant of fog lingered still — as if unwilling to leave the gutter — as if unable.

Mechanically, he turned the corner. Should he buy food? It was Friday night and he had two whole days ahead of him — and two nights. He decided that Paully would have told him to get some if she hadn't any. The delicatessen store was still open but he hurried past, unwilling to again provoke the hesitation which nagged him tonight. Unaccountably, Father Kelly's words dinned in his, "We are not gods, Jimmy, but far lower than angels."

He came to the house, an old three-storey brownstone. He recognized the apartment on the second floor. Light streamed from its windows. A glance up and down Eighth street revealed not a sign of life. No one, not even a stray dog, cared to violate this quiet, this empty, gloom-filled silence which engulfed the murky street. No one, that is — always excepting a solitary young man who stood uncertainly before an old brownstone house.

"Damn, what the hell am I doing here. Why, that bitch has me twisted around her finger like a regular fool. I've got more important things to do than play page-boy to some stinkin' Cleopatra." He decided to go home. As he turned, he thought of the long ride home and the wet night . . . Paula, sleek and . . . sultry cool, upstairs — dry, cozy, waiting . . . The thought stopped him in his tracks . . . The storm had subsided as quickly as, quicker than, it had come. As he started for the stairs, he saw a coal black cat from the corner of his eye. (So, he was not the only one on the street, after all.) With a grimace and a throaty laugh he began the ascent. The hall was very dark.

. . . We are not gods, Jimmy, but lower than angels . . . We are not gods, Jimmy. We are not g . . . We are not . . . We are . . . We are not . . . !

Ugly thoughts drifted through his mind, thoughts of murder and rape, suicide and abominations of all types. Blood dripped from razor wounds, wrist-vein open, thyroid slashed, the red life nectar oozing out slowly, slowly, to strains of violin concerto by Mendelsohn, Mendlesohn. He had reached the head of the stairs. With an effort he cleared his brain and attempted to think of something funny. Hence loathed melancholy! He would be in a light, gamesome mood tonight.

After all, he had two whole days — and nights — before him. Yes, tonight was his night to crow. He gurgled up a crow. He crowed loudly. Then he rapped at the door, Paully's door, sharply.

"Hey, baby, let me in, it's Jim — Jim, do you hear!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming. You don't have to break the door down. I'll let you in."

The hall was very dark. His mind was wandering, weary, couldn't seem to function clearly. The door was unfastened from within. He felt the doorknob turn in his hand.

A blinding flash of light struck his eyes, then amid the glare he perceived a shadowy, negligee-clad woman.

"Well, don't stand there like a post, silly. Come on in."

Slowly, almost stupidly, he entered the apartement. Carefully clutching his "Lethe-water" he turned and shut the door. Then, after a moment, slowly, methodically, he locked it, from within.

One of Those Things

by
Michell D. Geller

The services had just ended. The people were rapidly emptying out of the synagogue. In front of the steps the congregation quickly dispersed to their separate streets, each one hurrying to get home.

In the foyer of the synagogue Rabbi Stein stood bidding "Good evening" to each of the congregants as he left. When all were gone and he was all alone, he walked over to the basement stairs and called down, "Fred, Fred, where are you?"

"Heah I am, Rabbi, in the main shule."

"Don't forget to turn off the lights and the air," referring to the air-conditioning system. "See you tomorrow at seven," said the Rabbi as he turned to go.

"I'll be here at seven. I have a few things to do heah befo' I go home. I reckon I won't leave heah 'til near 'bout 'leven thirty or twelve, but I'll try to be here at seven to finish up."

"That's fine. Remember, I'm depending upon you, Fred. Don't let me down, Fred. It isn't every day that we have a graduation in our Sunday School, and I want everything to run smoothly. When you come in tomorrow morning, be sure to check the loud-speaker system in the auditorium. Will you remember all that, Fred?"

"Yes, Rabbi. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Fred," said the Rabbi as he walked out.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. The Rabbi walked up to the synagogue through the early morning streets of the small Southern town. He tried to open the door. It was locked. His watch showed half-past seven and apparently Fred had not even made his appearance. The Rabbi let himself in the side door and saw that, indeed, no beginning had been made in arranging the auditorium.

He waited until eight o'clock and finally, not knowing what to think, called the rooming house where Fred lived. The woman at the other end of the wire informed him that Fred had not been home all night. "Well," the Rabbi thought, "maybe something really happened to him. I'll call the police station and have them help locate him." He dialed the number. A gruff voice answered, "Police station, Sergeant Crawford speaking."

"Sergeant, this is Rabbi Stein of the Jewish Center on West Eighth street speaking. We have a porter by the name of Fred Stone working for us, and he hasn't shown up for work today. We have already called his home and it seems that he hasn't been home all night. Could you possibly be of any service to us?"

"What was that name, sir?" the sergeant inquired.

"Fred Stone."

"Well, Rabbi, he's down here at the station. He was picked up early this morning on a charge of suspected burglary."

"Sergeant," the Rabbi answered, "I think there has been a mistake. This boy has been working here at the synagogue for the last five years, and I will vouch for his honesty."

"I'm sorry, Rabbi," replied the sergeant, "we would like to take your word for this, but it is a matter of burglary and we can't take any chances. He must first be cleared of suspicion before we can release him."

"But isn't there anything that I can do to get him out right now?" asked the Rabbi, "because we need him badly here at the synagogue this morning."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Rabbi. I'll release him in your custody. But I'll hold you responsible for his appearance in court."

"Thank you very much, sergeant. I'll see that he is there."

At nine o'clock, Fred appeared. Fred was a tall, muscular, African Negro, about

middle age. His eyelids were puffed, and his bloodshot eyes peered out of the slits. He walked unsteadily.

"Well, Fred, come in and sit down. You look like you're going to collapse. Here, have a drink of whisky," the Rabbi urged, hurrying over to pour it.

Fred sat down heavily in a chair and leaned back in a state of exhaustion. He gulped the whisky down.

"Now, Fred, let's have it. What happened?"

"Well, Rabbi," Fred began with unsteady deliberation, "I left heah 'bout a quarta' t' twelve last night. I was walkin' down Dowlin' street neah Holman when a car pulls up to the curb neah me and I heahs a voice hollah out, 'Where you goin', black boy.' I answered, 'I'm goin' home, mistah officer.' Then a big cop gits out of the car and comes over to me. 'Well, now, ain't this kinda late for you to be goin' home?' he asked. 'Where you bin?' 'I works down at the synagogue at West Eighth Street and I jest left there and am on mah way home, suh,' I said to him. Rabbi, I was really scared then. I warn't looking fo' no trouble."

"Then, what happened?" the Rabbi inquired.

"Well, they made me git into the car and without sayin' another word drove down to the station. Then they really started to work on me. Two officers searched me and then they brought me into a small room and started askin' me questions about the robbery. They wanted to know what did I do wit' de money. I didn't have but fifty cents on me. I tole 'em I didn't know what they were talking about, but they kep' askin' me and hittin' me wit' de rubber hose and other stuff, so I jest didn't know what was goin' on. I remember bein' in a daze and then bein' hit again and again. Finally, I woke up in a cell."

"What happened after that," the Rabbi asked anxiously.

"Well in the moh'nin the man finally showed up and said that I wasn't the fellah. That was jest after you called up. So they let me go and I came right ovah."

"Dear me," Rabbi Stein said as he leaned back with an indignant look on his face, "this is some story. It's outrageous. Something must be done about it." Snatching the telephone off the hook, he told Fred, "I'm going to call up the chief of police. This will never do." In a minute he was speaking to Police Headquarters.

"What can I do for you, Rabbi?" the chief asked.

"Chief, it seems that our porter, Fred Stone, was picked up last night on a charge of suspected burglary and was pretty badly manhandled and beaten up by your men. This is shocking and unjust as the men had no evidence at all even to pick him up and much less deliberately to give him the third degree, trying to make him confess to a crime he did not commit. I have in mind to press charges against them for their vicious conduct."

"Just a minute, Rabbi," the chief replied, "I heard about this case this morning and it is unfortunate, I agree. But I must tell you that although we had no right to beat the man up, if you press the case you won't get very far, because you have no definite proof. You've lived in the South long enough to know how these things go," continued the chief in a whining voice. "It's one of those things, Rabbi. We have to be careful, and when we find a Negro walking the streets after twelve, and especially in the vicinity of a robbery, we just put two and two together, and to avoid mistakes, pick him up. Usually it turns out that we are right. So you see that your employee was just a victim of circumstances. I hope you see my point of view. Sorry to have inconvenienced you, Rabbi, but as I said, it's just one of those things. Goodbye, Rabbi."

There was a dry click as the receiver at the other end of the line was returned to its cradle. Rabbi Stein sat motionless, stunned. Through his mind ran the incredible phrase, endlessly repeated . . . 'one of those things . . . one of those things . . . one of those things . . .'

He carefully replaced the receiver and walked slowly over to the window. The Sunday School children were skipping merrily up the sidewalk on their way to Sunday School.

STILL LIFE

By JULIUS LIEBB

The water is still tonight
And black as ebony,
A massive sheet of silence
That dims eternity.

The wind is still tonight
And even whisper lacks,
It moves with silent feet
Across the noiseless tracks.

The sky is still tonight
No lovers vigil keep,
No shepherd moon drives on
His starry-studded sheep.

The water is still tonight
And dark as ebony,
No wind, no stars, no life
No ripples on the sea.

THE THIEF

The furious blaze of sun lies senseless;
In quiet pride it rolls, secure
That naught its vaunted throne will ever
Seize through treachery or lure.

Yet ever has the thief shown patience
And with deceit has tuned his lyre,
The spark, before the dark dissolveth,
Precedes the wild onrushing fire.

So twilight comes, the harbinger
Unsuspect by languid light
And stealthily it gathers up
The world into the folds of night.

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